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J. B. Priestley
Unsound to the Summit

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Barbara Castle
A Chance for Unity

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The Life and Death of Caryl Chessman

THE day after his death an American newspaper published an article about Caryl Chessman in which he stated the most important fact about himself. In reply to the argument that capital punishment is the only way of dealing with violent criminals because they cannot be reclaimed, he argued that the Chessman who was sent to the Death Row twelve years ago and the Chessman who was executed on Monday were 'two different people'. This is a fact, and one that makes the other arguments for the abolition of capital punishment, powerful though they are, seem comparatively insignificant.

We all feel nausea about the dramatic events that have this week filled the world's press. We shall not forget the remarkable dignity of the prisoner maintained during twelve years of cat and mouse treatment in which, as Lord Justice Birkett has said, he must have died a thousand deaths. We contrast it with the many marginal court decisions that show how much doubt there was in the legal mind, and we recall with a shock that his last reprieve was accorded because of the political embarrassment it might cause the American government. The nerves of newspaper readers are harrowed by the macabre incident of the misdialled telephone number which prevented yet another stay of execution, and we are haunted by the question, to which we shall never know the answer, whether Chessman was merely a violent and lawless youth, which he has freely admitted, or whether he was the sexual criminal which in his last public utterance he denied ever having been. These are all reasons for shame, but they are not the lesson which should remain in our minds after this execution.

Chessman's case is only one of many which prove that a long prison sentence may be used to reclaim the prisoner. The 'bird man' is still in Alcatraz after forty years, because justice will not release the murderer of a prison warder even though no one believes that he is any longer even remotely capable of violent crime. He has written distinguished books and made notable contributions to scientific knowledge. He has become a man whose wisdom won the respect of those fortunate enough to know him. No less striking is the 'Leopold case' where two young men of wealth and fashion killed a boy of fourteen, as they said, 'for the thrill of the thing'. Mr Clarence Darrow, in a classical and successful plea, urged that no one could know what these young men would be like in ten years' time. Events justified him. Actually one of these boys died in prison by no fault of the authorities; the other proved Darrow's case by becoming after his release a useful and respected American citizen. It is these facts that should impress themselves on those millions of Americans who are humiliated, as all of us are here, by Chessman's execution.

Newspaper discussion of the defective legal system which prevented Chessman being executed twelve years ago exactly misses the point. Those who argue that it is a merit of the system, even in cases which caricature it like the Chessman case, that execution is postponed until all the resources of law have been exhausted argue better than those who say, with Mr Truman, that the agitation is a 'lot of hooey!' If Chessman had been executed twelve years ago there would have been no petitions, no marches, no protests from indignant humanitarians in a score of countries all over the world. A young thug would have died and that would have been all? The relevant comment is that Chessman's life in gaol has proved that his death was totally unnecessary. It may be that all capital punishment is a crime, but in this case all of us know – whatever religious, ethical or humane scruples we may have about capital punishment in general – that there can be no justification for taking the life of a man who was a criminal long ago, but who, when he died, was no longer a man capable of the crimes for which he was condemned. Society succeeded in reclaiming him; then it killed him.

Comments on the Week's News

Commonwealth and Apartheid

Mr Macmillan, with the influential support of Mr Menzies and Mr Nehru, has succeeded in excluding a formal discussion of *apartheid* from the Commonwealth premiers' conference. For purely practical reasons, this was probably wise. The conference is not a substitute for the UN, nor was it intended to deal with the internal affairs of its members. Had Malaya succeeded in getting *apartheid* discussed, Mr Louw might well have raised other embarrassing issues – such as the conduct of elections in Ghana or the present regime in Pakistan. The atmosphere of the conference would have been changed from easy informality to bitter debate; there would have been argument over the communiqué, and little time would have been left for other issues – notably the Commonwealth response to the Common Market – on which the Conference had positive work to do. As it is, Mr Louw has had separate discussions on the subject with his various colleagues, and these may well prove a more effective means of impressing the South African government with the weight of Commonwealth opposition to its racial policy. At the same time, the question of South Africa's continued membership of the Commonwealth is still open. None of the premiers has so far suggested that South Africa should be expelled, and there seems to be general agreement that, so long as she remains a member, Commonwealth opinion has some chance of influencing her in the right direction. But a new situation would arise if – as seems likely – the Nationalists press on with their plans for declaring a republic, and particularly if they apply unconstitutional means to do so. Although both India and Pakistan are republics, their continued membership was allowed by special arrangement. If South Africa were to ask for a similar arrangement, any member of the Commonwealth would be entitled to object, and it seems unlikely that all the Afro-Asian members could be restrained from using their veto.

Instability in the Far East

As Mr Walter Lipmann has wisely remarked, the United States cannot disclaim responsibility for what goes on in South Korea; now that Rhee has gone, Washington must ensure that the new regime is representative, stable and efficient. This will not be easy. Under Rhee, Korea had an American-style constitution, perverted to the point where the Assembly had virtually no control over the executive. There is now a general inclination to adopt a British-style system, with a Prime Minister directly responsible to the Assembly; this, also has attendant dangers – multiplicity of parties leading to government instability – which will become real unless a determined attempt is made to solve the country's economic problems. If reunification (the only permanent solution) is ruled out, three initial steps can be taken: (1) a big reduction in the army, which consumes an absurdly large proportion of the national income; (2) a US-financed programme of public works to absorb the high unemployment (and the demobilised men) and at the same time to provide a modern economic infrastructure; (3) an effort to improve Korea's relations with Japan. This last point is the most important. Since the war, Syngman Rhee's bitter anti-Japanese feelings have prevented the large-scale economic co-operation which Korea's needs dictate; the way should now be paved for some form of economic union. At the same time, Washington should take a close look at her other Asian allies and dependents. Of the Asian members of Seato, Pakistan, Siam and the Philippines, only the last is an effective democracy; outside Seato, Formosa, South Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia are, in varying degrees, dictatorships; only Malaya and Singapore have a real measure of internal freedom. Moreover, the areas in which corruption and feudalism are most marked –Formosa, Laos and Vietnam – are precisely those most dependent on US aid, and therefore most susceptible to US influence. Now is the time for Washington to recognise the lessons of Korea and apply them where they are most needed.

. . . and in Western Asia

In western Asia, the West's 'friends' are in no better shape. This week's spectacle of the Nato Council meeting in an Istanbul ringed with tanks exposes the fragility of the defences against Communism in this area. Indeed, the recent history of Turkey holds many lessons for the West. President Inönu's surprising decision, in 1950, to hold free elections exposed him to a disastrously successful demagogic campaign by the so-called 'Democrats.' Kemal Atatürk had instituted a compulsory labour service to provide a basic infrastructure – irrigation, roads, schools, community centres – for the country-side. This may have been unpopular, but in the absence of foreign aid of unparalleled magnitude, the mobilisation of unemployed manpower is probably the only way of solving the rural problems of Asia and Africa. Under Menderes, the system was swept away, to be replaced by 'liberal' economic policies, primed by US aid. With this, there was some mechanisation of agriculture; this led to the ploughing up of marginal land, driving the flocks further into the forests, where they destroyed the protective tree-cover in the hills and mountains. Until the last few years, this fatal policy was protected by an unusually favourable weather cycle. But this ended in 1954-5, bringing a fall in production, inflation and a foreign exchange crisis. To meet this last, the government were forced to cut raw material imports for their new, US-financed industries; and Turkey was later driven by OEEC to cut its public works programme and adopt a harsh deflationary policy. This produced unemployment; unemployment produced political unrest; unrest produced repression – leading finally, as in Korea, to an explosion. The moral for the West is that, if Communism is to be 'contained,' we must encourage the adoption, on its periphery, of some of the Communist economic techniques – notably the full use of labour for rural reform and investment.

Boycotters Boycotted

The New York dockers' refusal to unload a United Arab Republic ship until President Nasser lifts his ban on Israeli freight passing through the Suez Canal has produced a formidable chain-reaction. In retaliation, the Arab League has called for a ban on all US shipping – and there have been cries of response (some, it is true, distinctly muted) from Casablanca to Indonesia. This, in turn, has led to anger in the US Senate, which calls on the President to reconsider giving aid to countries which are pursuing a policy of economic warfare against another recipient of US aid (i.e., Israel). There is little doubt that the President will ignore the Senate motion, and that he will be wise in so doing. As Britain has found to her cost, an alternation of bribery and threats is a sure formula for failure in the Middle East; indeed, Mr Dulles' handling of the Aswan aid scheme in 1956 showed that abrupt and politically inspired withdrawal of US aid tends merely to create a vacuum and invite Russia to fill it. Nevertheless, though the affair is unlikely to go beyond hot words on both sides, it has been instructive and even encouraging. Firstly, the reluctant response of such countries as the Lebanon and Saudi Arabia (which stand to lose most from a boycott of US ships) to Nasser's appeal shows that there is an economic limit to Arab boycott tactics. Secondly, the question of the Suez ban on Israel, which the great powers and the UN find it so convenient to forget, has once more become an issue. President Eisenhower has been reminded of his promise, in 1957, to take stern measures if the ban were maintained, and his Administration may now find it politically profitable to raise the matter again at the UN. From an Israeli viewpoint, this is small but welcome progress.

Dilemma in Somaliland

This week the Commonwealth prime ministers face the ticklish question of admitting to their circle small territories like Sierra Leone and Cyprus. The future of tiny colonies, shortly to become independent, is now becoming a practical issue. In one of these territories, however, quite different problems have to be faced. A year ago rapid constitutional advance was prepared for British Somaliland with a promise that if the Somalis so desired the British Government would discuss with Somalia the question of uniting the two territories. Out of this constitutional advance in the British Somaliland Protectorate has emerged the first Legislative Council with a majority of elected members. It has quickly passed a motion asking for independence and unity with the United Nations Trust Territory of Somalia, which is to become independent on 1 July. The delegation from the Protectorate is now pressing the Colonial Secretary in London to agree. Britain has no interest in barring a union of these two Somali states, though their combined population of under 2 million will have to be sustained as a tribal society for a long time to come on a primitive economy. But there are wider implications. Other Somalis live in Northern Kenya, in French Somaliland and in Ethiopia, and there is a long history of disputes between the Somalis and Ethiopians over the border lines between their territories. Ethiopia fears that a united Somali nation would make claims on the land within her borders occupied by their brother Somalis. It is no exaggeration to forecast an outbreak of conflict in this area. The granting of independence brings strange results; in this case it could be followed by war – unless the United Nations takes action over the potential conflict before it breaks out.

News from Our Own Correspondents

New Delhi

Chou Loses his Smile

Dorothy Woodman writes: Those observers who watched Mr Chou En-lai's spellbinding debut in Bandung five years ago and have since followed his trail of suave statesmanship in one Asian country after another are now wondering why he was so irritable with Ministers in Delhi and why he banged the table in Kathmandu. En route to India he and his large delegation had stopped off in Rangoon, put on Burmese longyis and silk caps and joined in the wet fun of the Thingyan festival. Did he find the Prime Ministers of India and Nepal less accommodating than the more malleable U Nu? Why did he throw all his traditional Chinese good manners to the winds in Kathmandu, accusing Mr Nehru of unfriendliness? And why did his Foreign Minister, Chen Yi, using the same bluff tactics he displayed in Delhi, shout that China had been wronged by everyone, especially in Formosa and Macao?

Whilst the Chinese Ministers used the Nepalese platform for their bad-tempered attack on Mr Nehru, Indian MPs in the Lok Sabha staged the kind of opposition barracking which gets them into the headlines and earns pats on the back from the newspaper-owning industrial magnates who loathe the Prime Minister's progressive outlook. What do these MPs want? War? Increased tension on the frontier which will mean diverting millions of rupees from constructive work to armaments? In the almost unthinkable catastrophe of war, what would most of these MPs do except chant slogans they learnt at the feet of Mahatma Gandhi? It seems incredible that Indian MPs should have so little understanding of the situation that they should revile the Prime Minister for 'softness' when he has in fact displayed an exemplary firmness. Merely to have shouted back at Chou En-lai 'Take your troops out of our territory' would have achieved nothing. Chou En-lai had no answer, except some out of date anti-imperialist slogans to make to the India Prime Minister's carefully-prepared evidence. He frequently fell back on the argument that his documents were in Peking. The planes that were supposed to be full of documents are reported to have contained presents.

The Chinese Prime Minister failed to obtain all that he wanted in Nepal. Presumably he wants to see a Chinese flag flying on Mount Everest, and his claims, whilst reduced, are left open for further discussion. The Sino-Nepalese agreement signed last Friday recognises the freedom, sovereignty and territorial integrity of each other, agrees to settle disputes peacefully and to further economic and cultural cooperation. But the Nepalese, encouraged by Nehru's toughness and fully aware that the hypothetical enemy was their Indian neighbour, refused to give China any treaty undertaking not to join 'any military alliance' which might be directed against China.

Chou En-lai's parting speech in Kathmandu praised Nepal's non-alignment policy and advocated co-existence. Meanwhile the Peking press has launched a propaganda attack, not directly on India, but on the 'imperialist and reactionary forces in India' for the failure of the Chou-Nehru talks. Is China now so much the victim of her own propaganda and of the isolation which the West has forced on her that only those who toe Peking's line merit her precarious smiles? And where is the Soviet Union in this picture? Her neutrality has been carefully maintained throughout the Sino-Indian crisis. It is the first time in Communist history that Moscow has not automatically sponsored, if not provoked, a crisis in another Communist country.

Moscow

May Day Pointers

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: The May Day slogans, which emanate from a central source, always provide a reliable compass for finding one's bearings in the ideological field. This year, naturally, *Mir i Druzhba* was well in evidence and the message of peace and friendship was elaborated upon by a phrase deriving from one of Mr Krushchev's most important contributions to party doctrine, namely that war can be excluded for ever from the life of man. Well to the fore among the slogans addressed to 'the strugglers for peace' was a demand for a German peace treaty and the abolition of the occupation regime in West Berlin.

There were some fine shades of difference in the wording of the greetings to foreign lands. All the lands of the 'great commonwealth of Socialist nations' received 'fraternal' greetings, and these were extended to one outsider – Yugoslavia – though from the message to that country the conventional phrase about the building of Socialism was omitted. The people of India and Indonesia who, like the Chinese, were described as 'great', and those of other countries of South-East Asia, the Near East, Africa and Latin America, rated 'ardent' greetings. With West Germany and Japan the temperature dropped to 'warm'. With reference to the western powers and Scandinavia, the slogans merely expressed the hope that friendly relations and co-operation would develop and endure.

Pride of place among the 'Socialist' lands was given to China. Friendship and co-operation between the Soviet and Chinese peoples, described as everlasting and unbreakable, was a 'powerful buttress of world peace'. Both the North Vietnamese and the North Koreans received encouragement to struggle for peaceful national reunification along democratic lines. With reference to the Germans, the phrase 'everlasting and unbreakable friendship' did not appear. The slogan simply expressed the hope that friendship would grow stronger.

The references to India and Indonesia are remarkable for what was omitted rather than for what they included. The peoples of Burma, Ceylon and Cambodia are, according to the relevant slogans, struggling for the consolidation of their national independence; the Arabs are still fighting against 'imperialist machinations', the Africans against colonialism, the Latin Americans against imperialism unadorned. No such matters were appended to the slogans pertaining to India or Indonesia.

An analysis of the slogans that deal with domestic affairs shows that the principal objectives of the Soviet leadership are increases in productivity by the introduction of new machinery and automation, reduction of costs by better discipline and a more rhythmical operation of the means of production, improvement of quality, variety and taste in the consumer goods industry, and further development of services. The producers are called upon to provide not simply more but better – better houses, more varied foodstuffs, higher-quality consumer goods, better TV programmes.

Probably for the first time, the word 'attractiveness' appeared in the May Day slogans, an indication of the effort that is being made to appeal to consumers whose taste is becoming more sophisticated. The use of the word 'service' which appears in several connotations, including an appeal to office workers to be more attentive to the public, is a sign of the shift from the 'take it or leave it' attitude to one that is more respectful of what a recent article in *Kommunist* called the Socialist Care of Man.

This was one of the most outspoken articles on the subject ever to appear in the Soviet press. After referring to the measures being taken to fulfil the working man's bright dream of a 'golden age' – accelerated housing construction, expansion of nursery schools and boarding schools, improvements in public catering and other services – the editors make a slashing attack on those who place the plan before the man. 'We must remember that in everything that is done for our citizen it is his judgment which is final and irrevocable.' It was possible to fulfil and overfulfil plans, *Kommunist* wrote, to produce large amounts of goods, while the consumer justifiably remained dissatisfied. The consumer was not a statistical item but a living man who expected not 'gross' output but goods and services in keeping with his taste.

Those who were called upon to satisfy the public's demand for consumer goods and services should not wait for circulars from above, *Kommunist* thundered. Each must think how best to cater for the consumer. In planning houses and factories, drawing up railway time-tables, approving work schedules, producing furniture, clothing and footwear, one should always think of the consumer. The task of today was to abolish waiting in queues 'a senseless occupation made necessary only by the stupid bungling or slighting attitude to the public on the part of certain good-for-nothing officials'. Yet there were still callous bureaucrats who did not see people for papers. The Party was waging a decisive struggle against such 'hideous manifestations'. And *Kommunist* called for politeness and tact, for 'a friendly smile and a comradely handshake'.

This and similar articles are a reflection of the widespread complaints about faulty distribution of essential supplies that have been reaching the authorities. There have been interruptions in the bread supply in industrial centres as important as Stalinsk and Kemerovo. In other places shops have run out of salt, soap, matches and other goods in everyday demand.

Washington

Soft pedal Summit

Such optimism about the summit conference as one encounters here seems to be grounded less on hope than on a feeling that the less you expect, the more chance you will have to be pleased. Indeed, if advance belittling can be considered a good omen, the Paris affair should be a smashing success, for probably no parley of world powers has ever enjoyed more niggardly expectations.

On the Administration side, the President has said again that 'the most we can hope for,

at this time, is an easing of tension.' As to how this might come about, he was understandably vague. There might be 'some steps in disarmament' and something might be done to stimulate 'cultural contacts,' admittedly a modest preoccupation for four busy chiefs of government. In short, he thought, 'there are a number of ways in which this might begin, and that's about all you can say.' The suggestion that he might ask Vice-President Nixon to fill in for him for a few days in Paris while he dashed home to veto some bills hardly heightened the sense of history in the making.

If the President was casual about the prospects, opposition leaders in the Capitol were downright bleak. Perhaps the most distressing aspect of the election year, in fact, is the failure of the Democrats, by and large, to get behind the Administration's belated but genuine willingness to move toward an end of nuclear testing. If they had to treat the matter in partisan terms, they could at least have made hay out of the fact that it was their own candidate in 1956 who first proposed a cessation and who for his pains was scored by the Republicans as something of a threat to the national defence. But, instead, the tack taken by quite a few party leaders, and labour leaders as well, seems to be that if summit talks and disarmament have been taken up by the Eisenhower Administration, they must somehow have lost their virtue. In an address that would have shocked a British trade union conference, George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, urged that Krushchev be told bluntly that the free world will proceed, at whatever cost, to achieve overwhelming superiority – militarily, economically, and technologically.' Only then, the altered voice of labour went on, 'will it be possible to prevail upon the Soviet regime to accept an effective and enforceable disarmament program.'

Among the technicians of foreign policy a certain skittishness about summit diplomacy is more understandable, quite apart from the implicit threat to the job security of ambassadors. Among the plausible arguments they advance, several are set forth in the influential quarterly, *Foreign Affairs*, by Dean Rusk, Under Secretary of State in the Truman regime. The President is too hard-pressed to master in advance the details and demands of personal negotiation, which calls for a task force commander, not a chief of staff. The process demands time, patience, and precision, 'three resources which are not found in abundance at the highest political level.' There is, moreover, the strain of constituting a 'court of last resort,' with the future of nations possibly hanging in the balance. And finally, the fierce light of publicity not only discourages the give-and-take of diplomacy but converts the whole get-together into a contest, with spectators keeping score via press, radio, and television, and vociferously rooting for victory. Altogether, Mr. Rusk concludes, it is 'a technique to be employed rarely and under the most exceptional circumstances, with rigorous safeguards against its becoming a debilitating or dangerous habit.'

For all these cogent arguments, Presidential hopefuls have been discovering that the only effective issue in this election year is peace and that voters want evidence that a party or a candidate is ready to pursue it. Possibly peace is not to be found on the mountain top, but until someone finds another place to look, we can expect a continued boom in alpine stocks – no matter which party is in power.

ROBERT BENDINER

Fleet Street

The Outer Woman

As everybody who is everybody knows, more women read *Woman* every week than any other journal in Britain – or for that matter in the world. Pursuing its destiny, *Woman* has logically enough begun an extremely high powered investigation into the habits of women – and particularly, of course, since this is after all the heart of the matter, the buying habits of women. When completed, this survey should provide a highly fascinating – and possibly slightly terrifying – profile of twentieth century British womanhood.

It is true this survey is not likely to bother itself much about what goes on inside women's heads. But then neither does *Woman*, and look where not doing so has got it. That sharp-eyed, tart-tongued American critic of mass communications, Miss Marya Mannes, has, I see, recently been telling the American Society of Newspaper Editors that the trouble with the 'upside-down-pineapple fudge cake' called women's journalism is that it is based on the 'tired assumption that women are interested only in clothes, food, diet and personal problems . . . Surely we have reached the stage where food can interest men and nuclear tests can interest women.' She said this in the course of what the *Washington Post* describes as 'an unscheduled verbal jousting match' at the Women's National Press Club with that other formidable and sharp-tongued American lady, Clare Booth Luce. Mrs Luce for once in her bright life was actually put in the position of being at a loss for words. (Miss Mannes, if you like her style as much as I do, also described Mrs Luce's husband's contribution to the treasury of journalism as 'the Clapp's Baby Food of the Nation's news diet' and remarked that newspapers have two advantages over television: 'They can be used by men as barriers against their wives at the breakfast table . . . and you can't line a garbage pail with a television set – it's the other way round'). Miss Mannes's opinions on women's journals and kindred matters seem to have gone over big at the Women's National Press Club dinner. At any rate in the receiving line for the guests after the dinner 'Mannes outlasted Luce by half an hour' according to the *Washington Post*.

But however it may be with American editors (and then one suspects only off duty) the sophisticated operators who cater for British women are still backing that tired assumption for all they are worth as the best of all formulas for bringing in the money. It is therefore right and proper that *Woman* should have begun its survey of women with their clothing habits. The first report, based on the cross-examination of a nation-wide sample of 10,000 women, is now available and deals with what is known as 'outerwear'. It discloses that the average British woman now spends just over £19 14s 0d. a year on this. (The average expenditure of readers of *Woman* is above this, which shows what a good weekly education can do.) If any of my women readers would care to check up on their wardrobes, the survey also shows that to be average you should have a new suit about once in 2½ years, a skirt a year, a jumper, a cardigan or twinset every five months, a blouse every 10 months, a dress every 8 months and a coat or jacket every 14

'As I was saying last month . . .'

months. To which you should add 14 or 15 pairs of stockings a year, including those given to you, and pay for those you buy yourself an average of 7s a pair. As might be expected, young ladies between sixteen and twenty-four spend most. Their national average is £32 4s a year, £12 10s more than the average for all women, and they tend to have between 26 and 27 pairs of stockings a year, about a dozen more than the average. Once their twenty-fifth birthday is behind them most women however cut their dress bill by nearly a third. After that they spend fairly steadily at more or less the same rate for the next twenty years. Then the rate usually drops quite sharply again.

Boring down into the social strata *Woman* investigations have also found that social class makes very little difference to the number of clothes bought, although it does to the amount spent on them. The average 'upper-middle-class woman' (social class AB) buys between nine and ten garments a year and spends £39 8s on them. The 'lower middle-class woman' (social class C) buys the same number but spends £14 12s less on them. And the 'working-class woman' (social class D) spends £7 9s a year less than the lower middle-class woman but gets approximately the same number of clothes. Variety is what matters. One somewhat surprising discovery is that Scotswomen spend more than anyone else. Naturally, Londoners spend most among the English, those in the North West spend least. Welshwomen buy more suits than Englishwomen and more women in the Midlands make their own clothes than in other parts. It is incidentally discouraging for advertisers (but perhaps encouraging for those who believe in feminine intelligence) that brand names play very little part in the buying of clothes, except stockings.

So here is woman – at least external woman. I shall await with fascinated interest the further revelations promised in yet other surveys. For the business of writing and catering for women is now a very scientific business indeed and there is no knowing what we shall find out by the time the research team has finished with all those thousands upon thousands of women who are apparently only too delighted to answer their questions.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Haifa

Global Socialism

The mood of the Socialist International at Haifa last week was new. In Hamburg last year, for instance, the agenda was obviously drawn up by Europeans for Europeans, even the discussion of Socialist ideology assumed that we all had the same problems to face in our highly industrialised 'never had it so good' communities. This time the Asian Socialists – from India, Burma, Nepal and from both Socialist wings in Japan – played a leading part. And for the first time African parties took part in the plenary sessions.

The resolutions passed by the Council were sharp and apt. We had sharp words to say on Tibet. We condemned the South African government, supported the boycott of South African goods, protested against racial discrimination in central Africa and elsewhere, and called for cease fire talks in Algeria.

In its resolution on Latin America the Council supported the demand that only governments elected by popular vote should be admitted to the Organisation of American States. It also wanted to substitute democracy for dictatorship in the Dominican Republic, Nicaragua and Haiti and to restore political rights in Argentina.

But resolutions of themselves have little value. They provide no answer to the economic, social and ideological problems confronting Socialists in Asia, Africa and Latin America. At the conclusion of a brilliant analysis of the problems of the economically under-developed countries of Asia, Asoka Mehta (India) charged European Socialists with 'leaving their younger Asian colleagues to work out their own solutions.'

What is the appropriate idiom of Socialism, asked Asoka Mehta, for raising the rate of investment in the economy from 5 per cent to the 15 per cent that ensures self-sustaining growth? What pattern of co-operative agricultural development fits into the Socialist ideology? The programmes of the Socialist parties of Europe give little help in answering these questions. The new German (SPD) programme says: 'as much competition as possible – as much planning as necessary'. This means nothing in Asia where the possibilities of competition are limited and the burdens of planning heavy.

What about Africa? Africans are now demanding their independence and, as in Asia a decade ago, Socialists are playing their full part in the national movements. Many of them realise that the real struggle will begin after they have won their freedom and that tremendous problems will confront them. These countries have an unbalanced economy in which foreign capital has been invested only to obtain the highest return within the shortest time. Such a structure has little regard for long term development.

What practical steps did the conference take to meet these challenges? The International has now set up, with the Asian Socialist Conference, a Standing Joint Committee on Developing Areas and a programme is being drawn up. Studies will be made into the meaning of Socialism today and seminars are to be organised in Asia and Africa for the pooling of ideas and experiences. Conferences will be arranged on economic development and foreign aid.

DAVID ENNALS

The Truth About Geneva

WHAT is the truth about Mr Krushchev's demand for total disarmament? Those reedy headwaters of our destinies who insist on being called 'western sources' maintain that it is all propaganda. The most optimistic members of western delegations during the last days of the Geneva disarmament conference thought that it is only a matter of time before the Soviet Union changes its front. They believe that perhaps at Paris Mr Krushchev will agree to start negotiating separate steps of partial disarmament.

Both these judgments are rash. Of course, Krushchev's plan is good propaganda. That does not mean that all propaganda lines are necessarily 'insincere' – to use the simplest schoolboy language so favoured in the West. In its vast and apparently magnanimous sweep the Soviet disarmament plan reflects both Krushchev's own abundant character and the strict day-to-day control now being exercised over Russian policy by the Communist Party. The still very Molotovian foreign ministry in Moscow would never have produced a document like the Krushchev plan, which is notably free from the sections, subsections and stilted phraseology characteristic of disarmament conferences before 1957. And it is of course a definition, not a programme. The definition is that the sacrifices which Russia would have to make if she accepted an effective system of disarmament control could only be justified by very substantial disarmament. It is simply not true that Russia has refused to consider control. On the contrary, one gets the impresssion from careful reading of the texts that the Soviet Union is seriously wrestling with a genuinely difficult question: namely, when precisely shall the control organisation be set up? Control must be in place before the start of disarmament if it is to be effective. But the Russians understandably fear that, immediately after all those Siberian secrets are revealed, the West might find some minor infringement of the treaty to justify a stop to the whole plan. Or the Senate might just change their minds – as they did in 1919. It is for this reason that the Russians are so anxious to try and tie down the West in a general treaty.

The motives of the Russians can also be gauged by the fact that they have undoubtedly made some genuine concessions to the West. For instance, they have changed the timing of conventional and nuclear disarmament in their plan in an obvious attempt to please. Even the experts up in the Foreign Office think that the Russians are 'interested' in disarmament. And, in fact, looking at the whole subject carefully, one can see that the Soviet Union would gain more at present from disarmament than the US. Disarmament would obviously help Krushchev in his aim of overtaking the US economically. The control system would help to restrain China and would lead to some formal ratification of the present division of Europe – which is so repugnant to any American administration.

The position of the US has been made perfectly clear: control must be proved to be working well in certain limitations of arms (e.g. in outer space) before any actual disarmament *can even be negotiated*. Mr Herter has declared that he wants above all not disarmament but 'a more stable military environment'. And anyone (certainly any Russian) who read through the three weighty reports on defence policy which appeared last year in the US would undoubtedly draw the conclusion that many influential and sincere people in America have a profound distrust for a disarmed world. US military chiefs insist that while the Iron Curtain stays, it would be mad to make disarmament effective.

Thus the two leading world powers who will meet at Paris on 16 May stand by proposals which are logcally opposite to each other. Both are convinced that they have a propaganda advantage over each other. Thus if an agreement on Berlin at the Summit is remote, the possibility of developments in disarmament are even more discouraging. The odds are that one or two of the four Heads of Government represented will seek to obscure this by producing some 'new' and irrelevant document. In 1955, remember, President Eisenhower introduced the fatuous 'Open Skies' plan without telling either Eden or Edgar Faure he was going to do so – even though the three of them met a quarter of an hour before the conference began!

Geneva HUGH THOMAS

Labour's Chance for Unity

THE independent British nuclear deterrent is dead. Where do we go from here? At the moment the main feeling in the Labour Party is one of relief: our front bench speeches in the Blue Streak debate extricated the party from an impasse into which it was heading and turned the attack, for once, against the government. The question everyone is asking is: can it stay that way? When George Brown declared bluntly and honestly: 'Even I cannot be expected to go in for a policy which has no chance of ever being successful,' the party drank a heady draught of unity such as it has not enjoyed for many a weary month. The government has, in fact, wiped the slate clean for us and ended all the old tortuous arguments about whether or not Britain should 'give up' the bomb. The bomb has now given us up by its own costliness. We can start afresh.

No doubt the realisation of this helped to commit the AEU National Committee to an inequivocally unilateral policy by 38 votes to 14. No doubt other unions will follow suit. Does this mean that the party must now split again, this time with the unilateralists in the majority? Not if the party is determined to build on the strong foundation for unity it possesses in its foreign policy. The Scarborough declaration on foreign affairs at the 1958 conference won applause and support from every side. Mr Silverman and Mr Healey clasped hands on it. The mistake we have made since then is that, though united on foreign policy, we have allowed ourselves to become divided on defence. Yet defence, after all, is only a function of foreign policy.

The reason for this division has been largely historical. Once the Labour party started supporting the manufacture of the bomb, any suggestion that we should give it up unilaterally seemed like a break with our traditional multilateral disarmament policy. Not all of us accepted that argument, but it was tenable. But now all of us accept that the prime aim of all our policies must be to demand general and comprehensive world disarmament. As Denis Healey put it in the Commons on 10 February, this is 'today the only way in which defence and foreign policies can be made effective in the atomic age.' It is on this basis that our new defence policy must now be built.

In his speech at Leeds last weekend Mr Gaitskell outlined four alternatives which faced the Labour Party following the Blue Streak debacle. We shou'd, he said, have to discuss them carefully. But in fact the path has largely been charted for us by our own pronouncements. The first alternative – that Labour should continue to press for the production of a British rocket – Mr Gaitskell himself dismissed as unacceptable. But the second alternative – that Britain should continue to manufacture her own nuclear warheads while buying the means of delivery from America – has also been disposed of by Labour's previous attitudes. One of the main reasons which Mr Gaitskell has always advanced for having an independent British deterrent is that it would give us freedom of manoeuvre in some international crisis in which we might want to act independently of America. He was frank enough to admit that such a situation was 'very hypothetical' and that a strong case could be made against this argument. Whatever merits it had before the death of Blue Streak, it is ruled out now. We can hardly buy Skybolt and Polaris on terms and conditions laid down by the United States on the grounds that this would allow us to 'go it alone.'

In fact the best case against this attempt to become 'independent' of America was made by the Labour Party itself when it launched its non-nuclear club a year ago. One of the reasons why that policy never exactly took the world by storm was because the case for it flatly contradicted the arguments for having our own deterrent. The party was, in fact, trying to ride two horses at the same time: on the one hand to justify having the bomb on the grounds that we could not trust the United States, and on the other to persuade the 'emergent' nuclear powers, like France, that independent deterrents were unnecessary to national security. If we won one argument, we lost the other. To this Mr Gaitskell would retort that there is always a balance of risks: and that, if he could stop the spread of nuclear weapons, he would consider the gain so great that he was prepared to sacrifice Britain's own nuclear weapons to win it. But, if so, he has already disposed of his third alternative.

This is, perhaps, the most dangerous of all because the most plausible. Could we not, it is suggested, remain a nuclear power on the cheap by pooling our nuclear resources with European powers, notably France and Germany? Mr Watkinson announced in the Blue Streak debate that Britain would continue to make a contribution to the 'independent western deterrent,' whatever that may mean. Mr Sandys, who has been having discussions in Paris and Bonn on the joint development of military missiles and aircraft, told the Commons this week that he did not find anything objectionable in the idea of entering into joint missile development with France and Germany. Yet such a plan would clearly go far beyond the steps already being taken to equip German forces under NATO with shorter-range missiles like the Mace and Matador. It would bring Germany into the ballistic missile field, at present prohibited by the Brussels Treaty. It would also inevitably mean that Britain would have to share her nuclear warheads with her partners in any consortium set up to produce the means of delivery. We should not even have the present sketchy NATO control.

Such a step would encourage the spread of nuclear weapons with a vengeance – on both sides of the Iron Curtain. It would be the recipe for the collapse of the disarmament talks and for a new crisis over Berlin. And, here again, the most powerful arguments against it have already come from Labour's front bench, not least from Mr Gaitskell himself. Only three months ago Labour tabled an official motion in the House deploring the steps already being taken to arm the West German government with nuclear weapons. In a series of powerful speeches, Mr Gaitskell and his colleagues described NATO's agreement to these steps as 'almost an abdication of reason' and denied that NATO members had ever accepted a European nuclear strategy. On the contrary, they insisted that NATO's function in Europe was to enforce a pause so that, should the Russians attack, there would be a breathing space before they committed themselves to nuclear tragedy. What kind of a pause, Labour spokesmen asked, could NATO enforce if German forces possessed weapons which could drop a hydrogen bomb on Moscow? What we needed in Europe, they argued, were conventional weapons, not atomic ones.

Here again the Labour benches cheered unitedly. It would be inconceivable that, in pursuit of a European deterrent, we should now go back on these arguments. And so the Labour Party is inevitably forced back on to the fourth alternative outlined in Mr Gaitskell's speech that 'we should simply give up all ideas of nuclear weapons that are in any sense our own.' And that being so, it is imperative that the party should accept this unequivocally and wholeheartedly. To try to obscure the fact with vague phrases and ingenious formulae would be to give us the worst of every world. Of course the unilateralists in the party are urging this line, but that is no reason why the multilateralists cannot endorse it, too. It provides the basis on which the Labour Party can vigorously pursue its attack upon NATO's nuclear strategy which increasingly threatens to frustrate our oft-repeated political aims in Europe: disengagement and support of the Rapacki plan as a step towards the creation of a nuclear-free and arms-controlled zone in Central Europe. To stop the spread of nuclear weapons at all costs has become the first aim of any intelligent defence policy. And Britain, by abandoning the attempt to make nuclear weapons of any kind, must now show the way.

Of course this decision would not cover every detail of defence. But one of the reasons why Labour nearly drifted to disaster over defence policy is that we have been too anxious to shoulder responsibilities which no Opposition should be asked to share. Time and again Mr Gaitskell has pointed out that an Opposition cannot be in possession of the technical facts which could enable it to judge the merits of this or that military policy. All it can do is to be guided by certain principles. At Scarborough Mr Gaitskell used this plea of ignorance to justify Labour's refusal to renounce the bomb: cannot he use it now to unite the party? The Blue Streak fiasco proved that an Opposition which tries to act as a defence ministry can find itself out on a limb. The time has come to climb back on to a broader base. One by one Labour's spokesmen have shown the way. Mr Brown himself has attacked Mr Sandys' lunatic missile strategy as one in which Britain visualised using her nuclear missiles first and so could afford to ignore their vulnerability. Yet Labour's refusal to state openly last year that we would not be a party to using the H-bomb first precipitated another split. As these differences disappear with Blue Streak the party faces a unique chance to consolidate its new-found unity. Gradually all the arguments against Britain's nuclear weapons – the financial, military, political and moral ones, which together have sent tens of thousands of people marching along the Aldermaston road – are coming together into an unanswerable and inspiring whole. Only a genius for destruction could disperse them now.

BARBARA CASTLE

NEXT WEEK

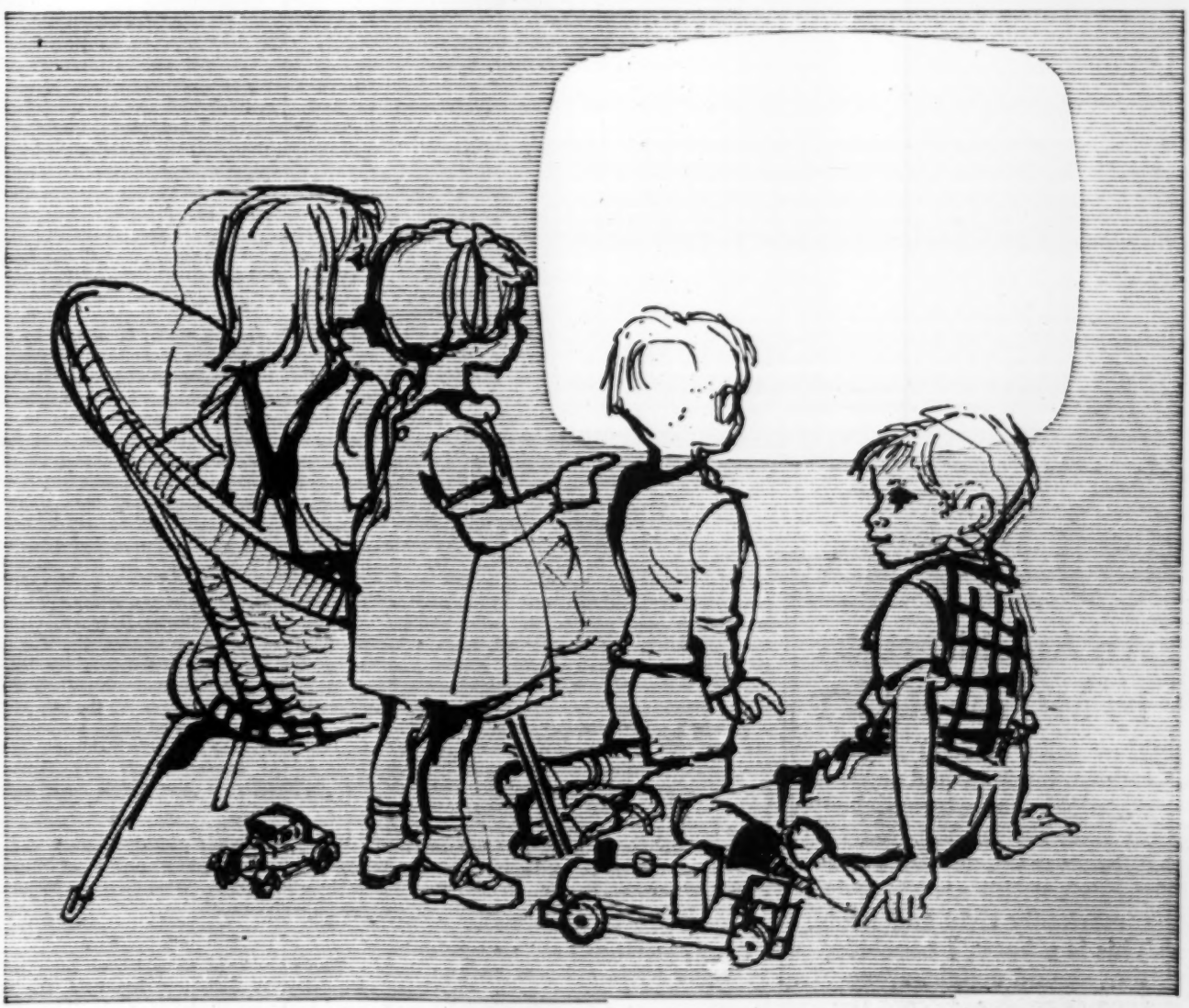
Defence After Blue Streak
by R. H. S. CROSSMAN & GEORGE WIGG

Inside South Africa
by JAMES FAIRBAIRN

This week in wonderland

'Torchy' has worked more marvels with his magic lamp. Animals have walked and talked like the White Rabbit in 'Alice'. 'Pussy Cat Willum' is still his mischievous self. Romano the Italian peasant boy started the first of his adventures. And there's been fresh news from 'The Roving Reasons' of faraway places and people.

From Monday to Friday of this week, as in every week, Associated-Rediffusion presented a host of programmes specially for children. Moreover, since Associated-Rediffusion is the one independent television company to provide regular programmes for the very young, every age group has had a full share of the fun. The aim has been to inform as well as to entertain, but on the Monday to Friday children's programmes of Associated-Rediffusion, entertainment and information are very often one and the same thing.



ASSOCIATED-REDIFFUSION

London's Television

Television House, Kingsway, London W.C.2.

London Diary

THERE is good reason to hope that the match between Princess Margaret and Mr Armstrong-Jones will mean great happiness to both of them; people who know them well assure me this is no marriage of convenience but the most genuine of love matches. The mistake has been, as our Profile last week suggested, to try and have it both ways. If royalty is going to be democratic, it had better be so and make a virtue out of it. Just when one was about to offer congratulations on a marriage which the royalties of Europe shun, the gilt is a bit taken off the democratic gingerbread by press headlines about Mr Armstrong-Jones probably becoming a peer and the £1,000 a day yacht with a crew of 256 which is to take two people to the Caribbean. Admittedly privacy is commonly denied to the Princess, but this seems an extravagant way of obtaining it. The truth is that it is difficult to be royalty – even harder than to be a Fleet Street journalist in search of a story. The best thing I can wish the Princess and her husband is that they manage to get out of the news. May William Hickey and Co fail to hire a submarine or take photographs from a helicopter!

* * *

I have been studying the first fruits – rather bitter lemons – of Dr Mark Abrams' researches into why the Labour party has lost elections. They are published in *Socialist Commentary*; they confirm what many people suspected in October. They also appear very handily for Mr Anthony Crosland who restates his familiar argument in a new Fabian tract *Can Labour Win?* More than half the working-class people who were interviewed could not be described as Labour supporters. The Tory Party, it seems, is now assumed to be the party of the ambitious, the young, the middle-class and the scientists: Labour is still seen as the party of the working-class and the underdog. But the skilled men who live in houses they are buying, and even more their wives who have all their household gadgets on HP, no longer think of themselves as 'working-class'. They have upgraded their status. To judge from these statistics Labour's best hope of winning an election at the moment is on the unlikely platform of being anti-'fiddle'! It seems that five in every 100 Labour supporters thought theirs was the 'fiddlers' party; 28 think the Tories are the fiddlers; 42 grandly thought both parties were; 27 simply didn't know. But among non-Labour supporters – and it is this kind of marginal difference, the psephologists tell us, which wins elections – nine per cent believed the Tories represented the 'fiddlers' lobby and only 18 thought Labour. But it would be a mistake to think that this analysis brings much comfort to those who hope to abandon nationalisation and change the name of the Labour party to 'Radical' in order to change the 'image'. The Liberals might gain, but what would happen to all the millions who still vote Socialist?

* * *

The Dartmoor climate would make a good subject for a Gallup Poll. Prison officers and their wives say that the damp decays brickwork, makes the paint come up in bubbles on the walls, and causes rheumatism and bronchitis; while the local residents say (though they seem to have only lately started saying it) that the air, which is among the best in the country, produces a bloom on the faces of children. The proposal to build a new prison on or near the same site brought out this antithesis very sharply at the public enquiry, but it is significant that the local pride in the prison, and the rhapsodies about the Dartmoor weather, come from local tradesmen. (We're not hearing anything about the prisoners' views.) The witty and urbane Mr Duncan Fairn, of the Prison Commission, must now be used to this conflict – he has adroitly kept the peace at many such enquiries, concerned as a rule with proposals to establish open prisons. But what matters most about Dartmoor, after all, is its suitability as a 'maximum security' prison; and the truth is that this site is inaccessible (which is important in emergencies), has no special virtues as a prison site, costs a disproportionate sum for upkeep, involves the regular transport of inmates hundred of miles to more conveniently placed prisons for their statutory 'visits', and (not the least important point) has a thoroughly evil name. If the authorities decide in the end to move it, I suppose Mr Fairn's next job will be persuading some other locality to like it.

* * *

Few TV broadcasts, I find, are as enjoyable as sporting events, and none more so than football matches played under floodlights, which increase the dramatic effect. It seems to have been an exciting season that ends on Saturday with that odd sample of English folk culture, the Cup Final at Wembley. Odd because singing *Abide With Me* before the match has always struck me as bizarre. They tell me, however, that football crowds have recently become very sophisticated. They are almost as familiar with the names of Hungarian and Spanish players as they are with those of their own team. They even whistle when they are bored now rather than boo, having picked up the habit from Spanish crowds whom they have heard and seen on television. Competitions like the European Cup in which each country's champion team take part have helped to change the attitudes of those thousands who stand on the gloomy terraces in Manchester and Sheffield. Such competition is very profitable. I calculate that Burnley's winning goal on Monday evening will probably be worth £100,000 to the club. But, of course, what has really turned the eyes of football crowds towards Europe is the success of teams like Real Madrid and Barcelona, for whom some ex-patriate members of that famous Hungarian side play. Barcelona's defeat of Wolverhampton by nine goals to two in two matches makes one wonder what sport the British are still best at; the answer is anything to do with horses.

* * *

Peaceably shaking hands with Lady Astor the other day, I recalled a former occasion when she began our conversion by hitting me sharply in the chest with her clenched fist. It was in the vestibule at Chatham House. I recalled too after their return from Moscow G. B. S. describing how she sat one of the Bolshevik leaders – Lunacharsky, I think – in a chair and said, looking him straight in the eye: 'Tell me, Mr Lunacharsky, aren't you really sorry in your heart that you ever made that revolution?' Mr Maurice Collis, in a book (*Nancy Astor*, Faber & Faber, 21s.) recalls many 'Astorisms'. This is not really very fair to her, because witty repartees at election meetings seldom seem so good in cold print years afterwards. Shaw's account of Lady Astor, which Collis quotes, gets her exactly right: 'She has no political philosophy and dashes at any piece of kindly social work that presents itself, whether it is an instalment of Socialism or a relic of feudalism. In the House of Commons, she is the most vital member and most certainly the most disorderly until her disorder became a national institution.' Mr Collis would have done a useful service if instead of merely brushing aside 'the fable of Cliveden' – and of course it was partly a fable – he had seriously analysed the influence of the 'Cliveden set' in 1938. One charming and characteristic remark of Lady Astor's which I recall from a visit to her home in St James' Square. She had just arrived by car from Cliveden at the height of the Hitler crisis. She said: 'It's all the fault of human nature of course. All the way in the car I have been trying to purge my mind of hatred, malice and all uncharitableness. Have I succeeded for an hour? No. For ten minutes? No. And most people never try'.

* * *

A friend tells me that she recently saw in New York a window display of 'falsies'. A show card read: 'What God has forgotten, we fill with cotton'.

* * *

Two news items on which no comment is necessary. In Salisbury, Rhodesia, the film *Lucky Jim* has been passed as suitable for white children, but it may not be seen by adult Africans. In Korea, *The Times* informs us, 'A spokesman for Dr Rhee's Liberal Party, now leaderless, said it planned to change its name to the Democratic Socialist Party – though it would remain conservative.'

CRITIC

ACT ONE

An Autobiography

by MOSS HART

"How jolly to read about sudden, hard-earned success, when it has come to somebody so likeable as Mr. Hart! Moreover his accounts of theatrical life are remarkably vivid and acute. This is a book, I conclude, that should delight every type of reader, except the dyspeptic and the envious."

RAYMOND MORTIMER, *Sunday Times*

25s.

SECKER & WARBURG

Salute to the Royal Society

In July of this year the Royal Society—most illustrious scientific society in the world—celebrates the 300th year of its existence.

The Society grew out of informal meetings of a group of philosophers in the dark, discouraging days of the Civil War. They met in various places, first in London—often at Gresham College, sometimes at a tavern in Cheapside—and later at Oxford. With the Restoration, however, they formally constituted themselves as a society for promoting experimental philosophy. Their work quickly gained the approval of Charles II—himself keenly interested in things scientific. Charles it was who granted them their First Charter in 1662, allowing them to style themselves the Royal Society. The Royal patronage, thus begun, has continued under thirteen monarchs.

Over the centuries, the Royal Society has established an admirable tradition of realism, encouraging research in pure science but admitting of no sharp distinction between that and scientific knowledge applied to practical ends, as in the realms of medicine, agriculture, or industry. The Society's most distinguished President, Sir Isaac Newton, may have gone "voyaging through strange seas of thought alone", but the discoveries he made are still fundamental to science.

In this, its tercentenary year, the British nation will proudly salute the Royal Society to which it owes so much. The genius of its Fellows, past and present, has vitalized every field of scientific endeavour, from biology to chemical engineering, and the world owes them a debt that can never be computed.

This is one of a series of special advertisements issued by Imperial Chemical Industries Limited as a tribute to the Royal Society in its Tercentenary Year, and as a public acknowledgement of the inspiration it has afforded to British Industry.

ICI

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

But Mr Nash told the inquiry: 'The association are batting on the wrong side in this match. They are 150 years too late. If the Dartmoor we have known and loved is to be preserved, the prison must be preserved too. It is now part of Dartmoor's tradition, history, appeal, fascination, and character . . .' The prison was an immense attraction to visitors. – *The Times*. (K. G. White.)

Cowboy pictures would be much more interesting and exciting if you had some bald-headed men wearing wigs as cowboys. Then, when the Indians caught them they would be able to scalp them. – Letter in *TV Times*. (F. Finch.)

I was glad to read all you had to write, especially on the myth of the Russian space missiles. I always suspected they were faked. – Letter in the *New Daily*. (D. F. Scrimshaw.)

I asked my neighbour why he never went to the Continent on holiday. He said: 'Because my wife can't do without English tea, I can't do without draught bitter and the children don't want to miss their favourite TV programmes.' It's a good thing Sir Francis Drake and the other great British adventurers did not have this spirit. Britain would not have become a great Power. – *Daily Mirror*. (Joan Schwartz.)

They say it's easy to make friends if you have a child or a dog. But if you're a business girl with neither, half a pound of freshly ground coffee is an excellent substitute. Take this with you to the nearest library, bookshop or department store, and within seconds someone will say: 'What a lovely smell of coffee!' Conversation will follow quite easily. Letter in *Woman's Own*. (E. K. Milliken.)

with photographs by

BRASSAÏ

21s

B·A·T·S·F·O·R·D

Unsound to the Summit

A FEW Fridays ago I watched my friend John Collins being cross-questioned by journalists on the BBC programme, *Press Conference*. The topic was South Africa, not the Bomb. Two of the journalists, sound fellows ready to express sound opinions to sound readers, referred to the 'eccentric opinions' held by Canon Collins. They were not thinking about South Africa because now that it had blown up in their faces, they were apparently ready to agree with my friend. So they must have meant the Bomb, about which Canon Collins has some eccentric opinions, astonishing in a clergyman now that we know God thinks in megatons. Trying for that mixture of muddleheadedness and bland impudence characteristic of sound British thinkers, we could say that Canon Collins is now nearly sound on *Apartheid* but still unsound, eccentric, in the nuclear field. What professionally sound men will never admit is that unsound men, eccentrics like the Canon, were ever right when they themselves were wrong. *A sound man is always right.*

Now let us consider the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. When we began, we were worse than eccentrics, just a lot of crackpots not worth arguing with. (And to give our opponents their due, they never wasted much time on argument, not when taunts about 'emotionalism' and personal abuse would do the trick.) That was the sound view then. What is the sound view now? Well, it has changed of course, as the sound view always does, frequently too late and nearly always at enormous cost. Many of the sound men are now saying that the Campaign has done a fine useful job drawing attention to our nuclear defence problems and difficulties – and so on and so forth. But of course, they go on to say, the Campaign's policy of unilateral nuclear disarmament is quite unpractical, fundamentally unsound, not worth serious political consideration. Yet those of us who have worked in the Campaign from the beginning know that it is around this unilateralism, the hard core of its policy, that the whole movement has grown. It is not the sound men who know what they want here; it is not they who move in a straight line; they have turned and twisted and tied themselves into knots. Here it is the unsound men who know their own minds, who are saying today exactly what they said over two years ago – that Britain should escape from the nuclear madhouse.

Now it is quite likely that Britain will soon declare that she cannot afford to stay in the nuclear arms race and so will no longer pretend to possess an independent deterrent. That is what the sound men are beginning to think, the very men who told us over and over again that Britain must remain in the race for the sake of her prestige. But if they were right then, what will happen to her prestige now? And if they were wrong then, perhaps they are still wrong. For which is better – to make a moral decision, to set an example, to walk out with your head high – or to make a shabby apologetic exit, mumbling excuses because you can no longer afford the lunatic stakes?

If I call it a moral decision, that is because I believe the whole idea of the nuclear deterrent to be morally indefensible. I take my stand as far away as possible from that clergyman who told the Aldermaston marchers they were being blasphemous, denouncing God's handiwork, the Bomb. The nuclear deterrent represents the hostage system, always regarded as being barbaric, carried to its furthest limits. It declares that the innocent, millions and millions of them, are to be punished – and in the most horrible fashion imaginable – for the sake of a guilty few. One wrong decision by a leader – and it is leaders not people who set armies in motion – then whole cities become radioactive cemeteries. Now by making such threats we are not protecting our Christian civilisation, we are abandoning it. And what are we to think of those eloquent believers who used to write letters to *The Times* declaring their readiness to sacrifice not only whole peoples now but unborn generations and, indeed, all life on this planet? For my part I think this furious eloquence, with its lack of feeling for life itself, tried to ignore a division deep within, a nagging contradiction, an obstinate sense of guilt. And if not, if the issue was simple to them, why were they always so angry? Why indeed have tempers always been so short when nuclear disarmament has been mentioned?

The whole idea of the deterrent, keeping innocent peoples under the threat of the H-bomb, is wicked – *and everybody knows it is*. What is wrong with so many people is that they will not allow themselves to admit this knowledge into the forefront of their minds, where it belongs. They deliberately suppress it. So the nuclear deterrent has played the devil with the western world. We are always asking ourselves what is wrong with us – in America there must be a book a day on this subject – and we will admit almost anything except this guilt about the Bomb. Where our democratic, tender-minded, Christian or humanistic ideals should be shining clear, there is a great black hole. In this respect we are worse off than the tough-minded Communists are. We have been busy defeating ourselves, not them. They are stronger, more assured, far more in the world's eye now, than they were before the deterrent. They may have troubles hidden from most of us, but about our own troubles, from children with a rage for destruction to whole cynical and yawning electorates, there can be no doubt whatever, and busy ulcerating below the surface of them is the nuclear idea. We may or may not have deterred the Russians from doing something – and although thousands of millions have been spent, nobody bothers to explain exactly what that something is – but what is certain is that we have been successfully deterring ourselves, from being open-eyed and realistic about our society, from allowing our young people to grow up feeling free and unshadowed, from spending time, energy and money to enrich our civilisation. I repeat, we have been wrong – *and we know it.*

Now let us take the cool tough line that the political and military experts pretend to take. It runs something like this: the great nations have always played power politics and always will until there is a competent world authority, and H-bombs, missiles and the rest are merely more powerful weapons. This passes among sound men for realistic thinking, facing the facts. I believe it to be nonsense. Not only is it not worth the uncounted billions the nuclear nations have spent so far, it is not worth tuppence. The facts it pretends to face are not there. These realists

TRIBUTE AT T.U.C. TO T.V.

In the course of her remarks at the Hastings Women's Conference of the T.U.C., Mrs. M. McKay, Congress Secretary, used the following terms in referring to three current TV Series :

"... as popular as Dixon of Dock Green (BBC) as dramatic as Emergency–Ward 10 (ATV) and as socially educating and moving as Probation Officer (ATV) ..."

The initials BBC and ATV have been inserted for the purpose of this advertisement.

are trying to turn today into yesterday. There is some evidence, especially in the more intelligent section of the American press, that an occasional glimpse of the true situation can be caught, but most of the men who catch these glimpses are too deeply committed to the official legend to be useful witnesses. We must not expect the truth about the Emperor's new clothes to come from anybody in Imperial Tailors Inc. There is now a colossal vested interest, emotional as well as material, in the legend that passes for tough realism. It is not genuine pragmatic thinkers who are the most obstinate opponents of nuclear disarmament, it is Cloud-Cuckooland's leading authorities and experts. Many innocent members of the public allow themselves to be deceived just because they cannot see that industrious and conscientious expertise may have no solid foundation of sense and sanity. Men may be toiling day and night, trying to work out exactly how many megatons can wipe out an army corps or obliterate a rocket base, and yet be existing in what seems to commonsense a madhouse, not unlike some unfortunate who thinks he is Napoleon and spends every day re-writing the dispositions for the Battle of Leipzig. For a man can be industrious, conscientious, clever at figures, and still be barmy.

For my part I do not believe that history is merely repeating itself and that America and Russia are simply playing the old game of power politics. What moves both of them most strongly and at the deepest level is not desire for conquest but hysterical fear. They live in terror of a vast menacing *Other*, largely created by unceasing propaganda. (We always become the victims of our own propaganda.) Collectively and superficially, both of them seem to themselves superhumanly good people threatened by monsters. And because of Pearl Harbour and Hitler's invasion, both of them suffer from a surprise-attack complex, all hell coming out of the blue. Neither sees itself as a national power in the old sense, but as a Promised Land, a Holy Place. We are outside our school history books now. We are closer to depth psychology than to old-style international affairs. And it should have been obvious from the first that Britain was never really in this picture. We have neither the same dreams nor the same nightmares as these Russians and Americans, who, odd though it may seem, are closer to each other in many ways than any of us Western Europeans are to either. One may like most Americans and Russians, as I do, while deeply mistrusting the collective images they make of themselves, their over-compensation of deep-seated feelings of guilt and inferiority, their neurotic competitiveness, the underlying hysterical fear. But though we British do not belong in this picture, propaganda has long been at work on us too, so that there are people here who twenty years ago were ready to defy Hitler's forces when they were almost within sight, but who now talk and behave as if they lived in daily terror of the Red Army's arrival. And if that is what they really feel, why don't they ask the government, if it wants to defend this island, to give them guns, grenades, daggers?

These are real weapons, and if there were enough of them, together with a spirit of fierce defiance, successful invasion would be impossible, here or anywhere else. But the nuclear devices, whatever form they may take, are not weapons at all. They cannot be forced into a military pattern, cannot be instruments of old-style policy. This explains the strange muddle of the last ten years, the way in which we feel that the people who take our money and risk our lives really do not know what they are doing. A desperate attempt is being made to achieve small tactical atomic weapons, for soldiers to play with, but even with these, tiny though they may be comparatively, the odds are that you will ruin what you are trying to defend, that Hanover may not be occupied but it will also not be occupied even by the Hanoverians. Meanwhile, in the general nuclear arms competition, everybody is trying to hit a target that is receding and gets smaller and smaller. No wonder the men concerned are already half out of their minds, demand to have observation posts in outer space, would like to bring the Moon in on their side, inventing more and more monstrous excuses for the most extravagant antics in all man's history. I am not blaming them. If I had lived and worked as long as most of them have in a top-secret, top-priority, top-security, top-nonsense atmosphere, I might be even dafter than they are. (I find it hard, though, to forgive some of them, who, to justify the work they are doing, pour suspicion and hatred into the public mind.) But then just as I believe that everybody knows that the deterrent idea is utterly wrong, so too I believe that every man in his right mind *knows that the nuclear arms race is lunacy.* For here is a race that costs millions a day; everybody in it must keep on running faster and faster; there are no prizes; there is no winning post; and if anybody trips up – bang go the runners, racecourse and all!

True, there is now the Summit meeting. But unless a miracle happens, the CND case for unilateral nuclear disarmament will not be out of date. General disarmament by stages still commits us, probably for years and years, to this nuclear folly: the race will be still on. A complete ban of tests would be a step forward, for at least it would mean that a few hundred men, probably enjoying themselves, would no longer be encouraged to distribute leukaemia and bone-cancer among the world's population. We must remember, however, that America and Russia now have sufficient bombs and missile warheads to kill us all several times over. (The one who kills us all most times will be regarded – though I don't know by whom – as the winner.) Finally, the sound men will be worrying about detections and inspections, checks and controls, which, even if some agreement is reached, will help to keep us short of money and still living in a crisis for many years to come.

Now I will confess the depths of my unsoundness. I cannot bother reading about these detections and inspections, checks and controls. They seem to me simply part of the general dottiness. The more fuss there is about them, the longer we shall be condemned to live in the half-mad world we have created for ourselves. No clean break with it will have been made. The hysterical fear, of which the Bomb is the outward expression, will still be at work on us. Unless we can rid ourselves of a thoroughly bad state of mind, which is chiefly what has driven us into this nuclear minefield, we shall soon have half-mad detectors and inspectors, checkers and controllers. We shall still be wandering in the evil wood. Yet we British, who should never have been in this picture anyhow, have only to summon up a little sense and courage to walk out of it.

How much courage will it take? Not much or I would not be favouring the move, for I am merely an unsound man, no hero. *But* – and how often I have heard this cry, usually on a high hysterical note! – if we had no deterrent we should be defenceless, at the mercy of any nuclear power. This is not my view, and I live here too and in rather a bad spot. Complete security we cannot have on this planet, and we are fools if we look for it. But we are safer – as well as being nicer human beings – without nuclear arms than with them. We are not defenceless so long as we are ready to defend ourselves in the old way, men against men. Of course a nuclear power could tell us that if we did not surrender it would drop its largest H-bomb on London. But only a Hitler in his final rages could talk like this, and such a maniac would be equally undeterred by a deterrent. Even a nuclear power governed by the most ruthless cynics would not behave in this fashion, threatening another power with nuclear arms that power had deliberately abandoned, not because it would be immoral but simply because it would not pay. The same argument applies to any power that pretends to abolish its nuclear arms and then cheats. It would be master of the world only in military theory, not in reality. The moment it revealed its treachery – and it has to do this to turn the Bomb into a threat – every scrap of propaganda it ever put out about itself would be worthless; it would face a collective hostility beyond anything any other people had ever known; it would have to police the whole world, an impossible task; and if in a fury, hating itself, it dropped the Bomb right and left, fired rockets at every glimpse of defiance, it would soon find itself in a world not worth mastering, its people much worse off than they would have been if it had kept its word and abandoned all nuclear arms.

The real enemy, as we are situated here and now, is not Russia, not America, not any set of people anywhere, but the weakness in

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ourselves, in Modern Man, so clever and so foolish, and the expression of that weakness, perhaps deep down a hatred of life, in the unimaginable explosions and the creeping horror of radioactivity, only waiting for somebody to press a button.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

Liberation Day

WE had remembered that it was the Fourth of May, but, what with the puppy being sick all down the stairs, and an unexpected guest turning up, we had let it go out of our minds. It was only when we were driving the guest back through country roads between cherry trees, where in the half dusk we could see the white cloud of blossom beginning, and neat fields, where the winter barley and rye was already a hand's height up from the ground, that we saw the candles twinkling in the window of a neighbour's farm. 'But it's the fourth of May!' said Sonja, 'and I haven't lighted the candles!'

But first we must drive round by Helsingor and see the lights there. 'But they did not feel it so much there', said Sonja; 'you should see the lights in Copenhagen!' For this is the celebration of the day of liberty, the German capitulation. When at last the nightmare of occupation was over, and all the people of Denmark tore down their enforced blackout, set candles in their windows and knew they were free.

'What did you do?' I asked Sonja.

'I had volunteered to help with the people coming back from the concentration camps,' she said, 'and was having my injections against all the diseases I would be in contact with. The doctor was so excited he gave me double the injections he had meant to, and I was quite ill!'

'I was in London,' I said, 'and part of the time I just sat on the grass in the garden of the Inner Temple, trying to get used to being out in the open without thinking about V2's. But we don't do much about that day; for us, there was still the Japanese War to finish, and the prisoners of war to get back. Besides . . .'

'You were not occupied,' she said.

We were driving into the outskirts of Helsingor now; most of the small houses and some of the windows in the big blocks of workers' flats were lit by candle flames, all behind glass, for it was a cold night. Sonja, like so many Danish farmers, is something of a Tory, though we always find we are against many of the same things. But, looking up at the flats, she said warmly: 'Yes, the Communists have lighted their candles!' Things look different if you have worked with people during a Resistance.

Sometimes there would be a pyramid of candles, sometimes only one, for candles are not cheap. But always the curtains drawn, the curtains that had once been a Nazi-enforced blackout. Sometimes they were grouped round a little Dannebrog, the Danish flag, white cross on red ground, that every household owns. Further into the town the candles were spasmodic; one Bank had all its windows lit, another had none. The beautiful 17th-century houses that stand along the harbour had candles in each window. It could have been seen, I think, as a soft glow from far across the Sound in Sweden – Sweden which, during the long ache of the occupation, had lighted bonfires on the headlands to cheer the Danes and had helped with the refugees, political

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Since the State of Emergency declared in the Union of South Africa makes it impossible for *Africa South* to continue publishing from there, it goes into exile—with the pledge that it will continue to give voice to the demands of **South Africa's** oppressed—until the day when it has helped to win the right to return.

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or Jewish, who were ferried perilously across in small boats, to escape from the Nazis.

At a high window in one of the old, handsome gable ends, there was the glimpse of a man looking out from behind his row of candles, a grey-haired, lined face, remembering – what? We came back to the farm and set out our own candles in the low, muslin-frilled windows. We took down the pot-plants which grow in all respectable Danish windows, put silver candle sticks here, glass ones there, and, for the rest, settled the candles into egg-cups. The reflections of the still flames came back, tripled by the interior glass for winter warmth, which was still in the windows this chilly May. The candle smell drifted back into the room, like the smell of Christmas, but with a different context.

We began to talk about the war, first about the obvious difficulties and shortages that were common to us all, sugar, bananas, clothes and shoes for growing children, petrol. Her worst temptation, said Sonja, was when the Germans offered real elastic; that was difficult to resist! But they held out. *Den kolde skulder*: the cold shoulder. That kept them firm.

We went on to talk about graver things. Denmark seems now to be so full of the activities of peace. Young couples all want new houses, and are having them built by a generation of lively and competent architects, who produce inexpensive, gay and beautiful houses to suit all tastes, using a fabulous variety of modern materials or versions of old materials, fitting in with the landscape and with other houses. Furniture is beautiful, glass and metal are as fine as anything in the world. They garden as enthusiastically as we do, undeterred by the long winter, since they have so many indoor plants. But more and more of these modern houses are being equipped with blast-proof cellars with elaborate ventilation and water filters against contamination by radio-active particles. 'How many will this hold?' I asked, looking at a plan.

'Four people only – themselves and two children, no more.'

'And if the neighbours run in for shelter?' Such moral problems remain hideously set and unanswered, in hope that the answer will never be needed.

Again, the Danes, through intensive cultivation for generations back, and because they take it completely seriously, have achieved fantastic production figures in all their crops. Every small farmer, through lectures, either live or over the radio, as well as by example, knows far more about the science of agriculture than similar men in Britain. Food in the shops is varied, delicious, and for the most part fairly expensive. For a small nation, peace is as full of struggle as war, nobody who can produce anything, fine china or fine bacon, must slacken for a moment. Every skill counts.

And all is threatened. Are there to be German – or should we say Nato? – arms dumps in Scandinavia? What is the exchange value of becoming a target area? All this we discuss in the eight-candle-power light. It must be in people's thoughts and speech in one house after another as the candles burn down. The graves of the Danes who were killed – but the Gestapo did not always give up the bodies – have candles burning on them. The problem of history always is what to forget and what to be certain to remember. If we look back too much we may not see the obvious new solution. This may be our lesson for Scotland. Yet a too quick forgetting is not consonant with a proper regard for human dignity.

Nobody has organised the lighting of the Fourth of May candles; nobody is making political or economic gain out of it. The little flags are in all homes, not only those of a single class. The candles welcome the friendly and say to the others: Remember and keep off.

NAOMI MITCHISON

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The Arts and Entertainment

Olivier Among the Rhinos

THE Royal Court has rarely gathered a more glowing cast together than for *Rhinoceros:* Laurence Olivier, Joan Plowright, Duncan Macrae, Miles Malleson, and the whole thing directed by Orson Welles. The last time they amassed a cluster of names like that was as a palliative to *Look After Lulu.* Oddly enough, the effect is rather the same. Up until the last scene one would have been hard put to distinguish between Ionesco's whimsy of conformity and Feydeau's whimsy of adultery. Both were played as the same kind of romping farce. In both the directions provided some uneasy horseplay in place of wit, with characters scurrying on and off and registering emotions with the over emphasis of actors determined the joke shall be seen, no matter what. Joan Plowright and Miles Malleson merely parodied the parts they always play, while the admirable Duncan Macrae muffled his slow, sardonic power under the clipped bark of a parade-ground martinet. Perhaps the cast was put off by a translation which kept all the stiffness and inconvenience of French formalism but none of its precision – though, despite it, Gladys Henson, Geoffrey Dunn and Peter Sallis managed their small parts very well. Or perhaps Orson Welles, who has developed a sharp eye for the obvious, overdirected them until they didn't know whether they were coming or going. Either way, bluntness was all.

But it wasn't necessary, as Olivier beautifully demonstrated. He has never hidden his great glowing light more thoroughly under a bushel, or to better effect. Berenger, the ineffectual, anxious-to-please little drunk, who remains human while around him everyone turns rhinoceros, is the anti-hero of the anti-theatre. He survives by the courage of his lack of convictions, by a hopeless goodwill which put him below causes. He is saved from brutalisation because he feels himself not worth saving. Olivier, in a part that might have been written for Alec Guinness, created a whole morality out of the self-deprecating shrug. He threw his lines apologetically away without losing a syllable and retired into the shadows while the others held the stage, only to emerge strengthened by his persistent weakness. Where most stars up-stage their colleagues, he stole the show by down-staging the lot and producing, in a gallery of caricatures, the one moving portrait of a genuine human being.

Whether or not the play justified his efforts, I'm not at all sure. Granted Ionesco has a serious, though obvious, moral to point: that conformity is an evil and individuality is everything; that it is only the weak and hopeless who remain individuals, while the determined, the self-willed, the people 'with minds of their own' all yearn for the herd under their assurance, are all brutes at heart. The rhinocerisation of contemporary France adds a frightening urgency to the fine closing scene in which he makes his point loud and clear. It is the least equivocal statement Ionesco has yet made, but to get there he wanders through deserts of vast whimsy where all his usual tricks proliferate: repetitions and contradictions, nonsense counterpointing nonsense, mild fantasy calling to mild fantasy. It is certainly skilful and mostly amusing, in its mannered way. But there is a limit to whimsy: it simplifies people, reduces them to the tiny stature of farce. And farce is farce, however symbolical or *avant-garde* its trappings. The exception, thanks to Olivier, is Berenger. But in drama it takes more than one human exception to prove the human rule.

Harold Pinter's new play, *The Caretaker* (Arts) is also rather disappointing, but in a different way. Donald McWhinnie's direction could not be better; he squeezes every last drop of meaning from the play and gains a whole extra dimension of meaning from his handling of sounds: rasping breath, terrible, screaming nightmares, ominous bumps in the dark and perfectly timed, equally appalling silences. It is not for nothing that McWhinnie has the reputation of being the BBC's most intelligent drama producer; at this rate, he will soon have the same standing on the legitimate stage. The cast of three, Donald Pleasence, Peter Woodthorpe and Alan Bates, respond to this treatment with an equal intelligence. They recreate the rather stock characters from the ground up in their own fresh terms. As an example of sheer theatrical

skill, the production could scarcely be bettered.

The play, however, is less assured. Pinter is a master of the single scene, but he seems to have great difficulty in spinning a work out for three acts. Aston (Peter Woodthorpe) rescues a tramp (Donald Pleasence) from a café brawl, takes him home and gives him clothes, money and a job as caretaker. He does it all with scarcely a word, motivated only by a kind of indifferent charity. Mick (Alan Bates), Aston's practical, tough-boy brother, bullies the tramp, terrifies him but treats him as an equal man of the world. The tramp is driven almost mad with anger by Aston's blank goodness: he tries to set brother against brother, fails and is thrown out. The action develops, then languishes. It reaches a tremendous climax when Aston, in a trance of remembered horror, describes his spell in a mental home where he had been given shock treatment; this is the finest single speech I've heard in a very long time. Then the action spurts forward again, languishes and fades away. It is bitty, haphazard, too long by about a third.

The trouble is that Pinter repeats himself from play to play. He is concerned always with the same human derelicts who, as they continually say, 'don't stand a chance'. He is, of course, mining a vein of Beckett's, and I don't believe Beckett, who writes out of his martyrdom to his own limitations, is rich enough to stand so extensive a working. After a certain point (and this is the fourth Pinter I've seen in a few months), the controlled inconsequentiality seems more mannered than funny and the unspoken terrors are too easily implied. But in Aston's long speech the terrors are at last spoken. If only Pinter would go on from there and not just lapse back into what he has already done better in other plays!

New Cranks (Lyric, Hammersmith) is just Old Fey writ large. John Cranko's latest intimate revue straddles between clever choreography and a world of unspeakable sentiment, where a sensitive heart shudders beneath every brittle or tattered exterior and a beautiful young man in Shocking Pink tights complains that he's 'ordinary looking'. It has its moments: Bernard Cribbins does some excellent Laurel and Karloff miming, Gillian Lynne and Carole Shelley are occasionally clever, Billy Wilson dances well and Carl Toms's costumes are effective. But the gush it gusheth all the day.

A. ALVAREZ

Success Story—II

'WE were perhaps beatniks at a time when no one knew what a beatnik was', Adolf Gottlieb said with his wry and crooked smile, talking about the early days of Abstract Expressionism. 'We were like the people who are nothing but chess players or checker players or tennis bums and who refuse to do anything useful. We were willing to go all our lives and do this despised kind of painting without any hope of success.' But this, of course, is not the case with the next generation of New York painters. They are having success while in their thirties (still, in London or Paris nowadays, you're an Old Master by the time you're thirty), and, what's more, they expect success, regard it as part of the natural order of things. I even suspect they assume that the better you are, the more successful you're likely to be – and, stranger still, that the better you are, the more successful you have a right to be. Once in this frame of mind, of course, the artist doesn't have too much resistance to temptations to cash in, at the expense of his personal vision and its development.

Many thoughtful people in New York feel depressed at the drift towards commercialisation. And of course art everywhere today is in an unhealthy state – for example, in theory there's an excessive premium on originality and in practice a reluctance to accept it, or a simple inability to recognise it: this is having the worst of both worlds. Yet I think that the sheer extent of the art cosmos now could save the situation, because saving it demands no more than that each generation should produce a handful of worthwhile artists. New York today, besides having many gifted and modish young artists, also has several who are gifted and independent. For all the maddening uniformity in the work of the rabble of opportunists, authentic work is being done in a wide variety of directions, from the neo-classical abstraction of Ellsworthy Kelly at one end to the quasi-expressionism of Gandy Brodie at the other

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(this is important: the sheer range over which it operates is probably the most valuable achievement of twentieth-century art). The New York painters who are now in their thirties may achieve less than the previous generation, but by and large they are as far ahead of their contemporaries abroad as the previous generation has been of theirs, and for the same reason – that their work is more alive, more direct, more filled with a idea. New York art is, so to speak, the fresh fruit of current art: by comparison, French art is a compôte with cream, German art tinned fruit, Italian art crystallised fruit, English art wax fruit; maybe a lot of New York art is under-ripe or has gone rotten on the bough, but it is the real thing.

Yet a thirst for success has grown which is perhaps morbid as well as thoroughly practical. This shows up clearly in the attitude towards critics. Talking to a young painter (a good one), I mentioned the name of a critic I was going off to meet and asked what he thought of him as a critic. He answered with absolute earnestness, 'I'm not sure. I don't know whether he likes my recent work.' And even a tough old hand was ready to be equally self-revealing when, in a conversation during which the names of several critics came up, the only one he praised was the one well known to have praised him most highly. I suppose this directness is attractive (in this country I always feel that the artists I praise most highly are those who most run me down but it also implies that the critic is looked upon as a sort of agent. Each painter has 'his' critic (and I suspect that each critic has his painter and won't go all out for a painter who belongs to another critic). The painter sees the critic not as a mind but as a mouthpiece. An eminent critic's wife said to me, not without bitterness: 'The successful painters resent critics because they think that the critics who supported them when they were unknown have used them by making their reputations as critics through tagging along with them. And the unsuccessful painters resent critics because they think that if only a critic would write about them, they'd become successful.'

All the same, this severely pragmatic attitude towards the art of criticism doesn't involve any of the bribery and corruption on which critical practice is based in Paris: in New York the artist assumes that for the critic who praises him it is sufficient reward that he should be right. To sum up I'd put it like this. If you give a bad notice to a London artist he still accepts that your motives were clean; a Paris artist assumes you were inspired by personal malice; a New York artist, by impersonal malice.

DAVID SYLVESTER

to be published 30 May 1960
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Far Miss

THE outcome of the New Opera Company's production of Stravinsky's *The Nightingale* and Schoenberg's *Erwartung* at Sadler's Wells last week could easily have been foretold, but now that modern music in England has entered its sporting years, hard facts are lost amid the soft cries of 'Well tried Sir!' The facts are worth recovering.

Erwartung is a supremely complex work, and requires prolonged and intensive rehearsal. It also requires the most creative and sympathetic stage direction. It is dramatic in the sense that *Die Schöne Müllerin* is (or in a different way, the monologue of Molly Bloom), but its hold on theatrical convention is somewhat tenuous. There is indeed a world of action and feeling in the music, but it has such clarity and self-sufficiency that one must ask: how much does it need the illusion of the stage? In fact, it can probably benefit from visual production, but its demands are very cruel. The music asks for nothing less than a worthy match to its own greatness – it asks for the settings of a Kokoschka, the acting of a Sarah Bernhardt, and the production of a Max Reinhardt. That order of imperiousness was inherent in Schoenberg's make-up. It was at once his loss and his glory that he did not and could not think in terms of the 'everyday' performance. As a framework for a dominating production, the text is by no means to be despised. It is hard to believe that those who talk about its symbolism and 'Freudianism' have ever examined it seriously. This is a weary old *idee reçue*. In fact, the text is for the most part a straightforward and realistic expression of violent emotion, which only very fleetingly verges on the pathological. Granted that the language and imagery are undistinguished, the actual content is no more extravagant than much to be found in, say, the eminently approved Lorca. If it were the vaporous swamp of Freudian allusion and *fin de siècle* morbidity that is often claimed, there should be more surprise that Schoenberg has given it music so vigorously varied and understandingly humane. If one is to present *Erwartung* on the stage, one must serve the text as passionately as the composer himself. One must respect the intensity of its present agonies and remembered joys.

The music is the enemy of all routine and all politeness. For that reason and because of the subservient nature of the text, it is very easily betrayed in the theatre. *Erwartung* is one of the least intellectual masterpieces in the history of music, and one of its purest works of instinctive genius. To produce it on the stage as a unity, and not just as a fine piece of music with a more or less deplorable text, one must have guts and a little madness. The decent-hearted, sincere New Opera production had neither of those things. Apart from an occasional brave success on the part of the singer, Miss Heather Harper (in the face of heavy odds), the musical interpretation can only have given any newcomer to the work an all too easily misleading impression. London has yet to hear the real *Erwartung*.

Understandably and regrettably *The Nightingale* was the success of the evening: understandably, because it does contain many beautiful things, painfully because it is very inferior to *Erwartung*, and certainly the weakest of Stravinsky's major works. It is short-winded in invention and oddly desultory in effect. It is indeed the only stage work of Stravinsky's which is in any sense undramatic. Mr Colin Graham's production skilfully called attention to itself rather than to what little music drama there is in the opera.

Later in the week London was able to hear one of the great flawed masterpieces of opera, mercifully freed from the vagaries of opera production. At the Festival Hall Pierre Monteux conducted the London Symphony Orchestra and a cast of four in a shortened concert version of *Pelléas et Mélisande*. The casting of the soloists was not ideal, though Nadine Sautereau's recitative was technically astonishing. Otherwise, this was hardly a finished performance from any point of view. But there were things in Monteux's interpretation which were an object lesson for any conductor of Debussy.

DAVID DREW

Locality

'HELL is a City' much – according to the film of that title – like Manchester. Provincial colour has helped to give British films a new look, and to take them one step away from Wardour Street; and *Hell is a City* (Warner's) conforms to pattern, smartens its pace, and very oddly combines old and new.

To old-fashioned thrillerdom belong the deaf-and-dumb girl who must be near-raped towards the end, with wardrobes crashing about her in an antique-shop attic, and she of course unable to utter a sound; the conventionally nagging cop's wife who hasn't got used to his being late for dinner; the crooks, who bungle things so obstinately that all too soon it becomes evident that crime won't pay (or, for them, anything else either); the cars cruising in dark, wet streets, the final roof top chase, the sentimental loneliness of the dour inspector on the job.

The last – Stanley Baker – conveys also one of the film's assets. Here, after Chelsea, he has to contend at least as much with the unreal life the script has given him as the doings of a jewel thief and murderer just out of quad. He has passed his cold on to Donald Pleasence as a bookie whose wife shoves her demon lover in the attic. The police fairly hop around with almost Keystone alacrity under Val Guest's direction, and the crooks are hardly less jumpy; the result is speed, sometimes telling, sometimes

absurd to the point of farce. The film's strong point, its locale, comes out in the pub scenes, and in the Tossing School of gamblers who meet secretly on Sunday morning among the slag-heaps to flip two coins in a ring and plunge enormously. This certainly rings a bell.

A double programme at the Continentale brings another respectable West German film, *As Long as the Heart Beats:* this time the old story of the family man who suddenly discovers that he has cancer and six months to live. The Germans have always, since Jannings's heyday, enjoyed the ruin of middle age. Here the headmaster amid the new architecture very quietly pierces the doctors' subterfuge, his wife persuades them and him to undergo the too-late operation, and in a faltering end he comes through. It's all sober, docketed with Youth, Family, Professionalism, Rock and Should a Doctor Tell; and the contrasts of silence and hubbub, life and death, are studiously striking. It's unlucky for this film, directed by Alfred Weideman, that not long ago, in Kurasawa's *Living*, the whole matter should have been lifted to far higher levels of sympathy and satire. The worst faults of *As Long as the Heart Beats* are its dullness and its cloying theme tune which booms out of the stricken house, but O. E. Hasse in the chief part sustains at least the dignity of his ordeal.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

His Master's Verse

THE *Caedmon Treasury of Modern Poets Reading* is a two-volume anthology (TC 0994-5), in which nearly all the predictable names, from W. B. Yeats to Richard Wilbur, mount the platform and perform for us. One might complain about some absences – Ezra Pound and Edwin Muir among the older poets, Robert Lowell and Philip Larkin among the younger – and one might jeer at some presences; but in truth it is an agreeable goulash. Another two records, distributed by Caedmon (TC 1019) and Argo (RG 184), both present the excellent reading of W. H. Auden.

We have heard a great deal about the popularity of poetry readings both here and in the United States. Commercial records belong to the natural evolution of this interest. It is now possible for the reader to collect recordings to accompany the books in his library of modern poetry. I believe there are a number of good reasons for doing so. But first, one must deny that dramatic *techniques* should be applied to modern poems. Lyrics are not speeches, and to treat them as character studies – or worse, as exercises for a talented voice – is only to destroy them. One need only listen to the Third Programme (Eliot's memorial to Edwin Muir was an unhappy example) to realise that actors can usually be counted on to mutilate poems. 'Voice' destroys 'meaning'. When we have a living poet, we will do best to trust to him.

A poet's particular manner of speech – from Robert Graves's clipped English to Robert Frost's old-fashioned American, both of which enrich the *Treasury* – is a key to the precise value of the sounds of his poems. Any translated poem, as everyone knows, loses unique qualities; we do what we can with the substitute. When a poem is read in an accent different from the accent in which it was written, things change; assonances disappear and are added. Think of Keats in America: 'the small gnats mourn.'

Differences are not only national, of course; and differences are of rhythm, duration of syllables, and melody as well as of accent. I don't need to be reminded that a great poem survives social change, linguistic revolution, and even translation – as well as anybody's reading. I don't wish to argue the cause of historicism against critical purism here. I only appeal to common sense when I insist that we read the French poem better when we know what French sounds like; and the American poem also; and, to a minimal extent, any poem at all when we know the author's precise manner of speech. The difference is tiny, but poems are exact notations; small things matter.

I will hold to my preference of the poet as reader even when confronted by Marianne Moore, who reads on the *Treasury* without feeling, as if she were proof-reading a telephone directory. I will hold to it even when physical chance intrudes, as in the high, squeaky voice of William Carlos Williams. Of course some readings are superb in all classes. Eliot reads *The Waste Land* on the *Treasury*, and adds a minor masterpiece of acting to a major masterpiece of writing. I could just as well cite Auden's pacing of 'In Memory of W. B. Yeats' (Caedmon *W. H. Auden*, and *Treasury*) or his witty reading of 'Metalogue to the Magic Flute' (Argo *W. H. Auden*).

Elsewhere on the *Treasury*, W. B. Yeats reads the three surviving poems; none of them is interesting and the recordings are poor – but it *is* Yeats, and one hears the famous crooning. Richard Eberhart, E. E. Cummings and Louis MacNeice all do quite well. Dylan Thomas reads characteristically. Empson reads 'Missing Dates' so brilliantly that one ignores the forced rhymes. Other readers are Edith Sitwell, Gertrude Stein, Conrad Aiken, Elizabeth Bishop, Archibald MacLeish, Stephen Spender and Wallace Stevens.

W. H. Auden is as good a reader as we have. His mid-Atlantic accent will trouble the neat-minded; he says 'grand' with a 100 per cent American 'a', but he still rhymes 'talked' with 'uncorked'. On the Caedmon volume, which I prefer, he writes helpful jacket-notes on the prosody of each poem. 'In Praise of Limestone' and the 'Bucolics' are here as well as the elegy for Yeats. But the Argo volume has 'Homage to Clio', and 'Alonzo to Ferdinand', and is delightful as well. Auden speaks variously but without affectation. He represents the shape of his lines by his voice most skilfully. He performs and he reveals.

DONALD HALL

Ye Olde Bull

THE thing labelled 'vertical hold' on the side of my TV set doesn't prevent the standards of the programmes, on both channels, from dodging dizzily up and down (more often down than up); and the *Daily Express* is, to put it kindly, over-simplifying when it attributes a slight BBC-ward movement among viewers to 'the BBC's emphasis on quality in its programmes.'

There *is* an 'emphasis on quality' in many BBC programmes. But the *Express* (which suffers from a chronic undistributed middle) brings no evidence to show that any fugitives from ITV have been attracted by the best of these. Some may have been attracted last

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Sunday, for instance, by the name and agreeable personality of Perry Como. If so, I hope that they were as shocked as I by the debasement of BBC standards involved in *Perry Como Comes to London*. This was a recording of Mr Como's much-publicised recent visit, which cost him some £50,000. It is, of course, expensive to bring a team of 27 people on such a trip – *too* expensive, perhaps, if they include the writers responsible for Mr Como's exchanges with the Duke of Bedford: 'You live like a king!' 'Not a king, Perry, just a duke . . . Welcome to Woburn Abbey!'

This programme, made primarily for Mr Como's vast American audience, was a sketchy and vulgar tourist's-eye-view of quaint old England, worse even than those Travel Association ads in the *New Yorker;* and, though some of it was shot out-of-doors, much was faked (even the aircraft from which Mr Como was shown descending not being the one he had flown here in, but one lent by BOAC in return for a big visual plug). Later, Mr Como said (as if on ITV): 'We shall be right back – don't leave – and the screen went blank, no doubt for a commercial for Mr Como's £9,750,000 sponsors, Kraft Cheese. Those who didn't leave were then treated to a choir lushly harmonising 'Greensleeves' – still, I think, in Ye Olde Bull and Bush,

Admittedly the Como series is bought as a whole by the BBC; but (unless it was all a subtle plot to damage Anglo-American relations by exposing to British viewers this humiliating American parody of them) the BBC might have used one advantage that it has over ITV – programming flexibility – and ditched the show.

On the previous evening this flexibility had enabled the BBC, with a proper sense of the topical, to postpone an instalment of the Russell-Teller *Small World* argument, and to show instead Rebecca West's indictment of *apartheid:* Dr Verwoerd must have shivered in his convalescent sleep as Dame Rebecca, with extraordinary vituperative force, denounced his regime as government by 'mad babies'.

TOM DRIBERG

The Man Who Had All the Luck, at the Tower, Canonbury

The justice of luck – do those who have it deserve it? The stamina of luck – when will it run out? Luck as a guarantee of catastrophe – this is the matter of Arthur Miller's early play *The Man Who Had All the Luck*, (given its first London performance last week by the In-Stage company). Here Mr Miller is as persistent as a wood-cutter; he chops away at the same narrow cleft for two hours, swinging the same favourite phrases, 'A man is a jelly-fish . . . it's the tide that keeps pushing him'; so that while the plot belts on through mechanics, baseball, mink – the areas in which fortune is tested – the theme stands still. But Miller is a fine man of action, able to handle his symbols in a hard, brilliant way; his axe is a real whistler. The weakness is that his characters are too obviously an assembly of theme-men. They illustrate rather than reveal. Only rarely, as in the defeated base-ball pitcher, (very well played by Julian Beck) do they show a face. Moreover, the power of the last act – for some minutes this play really ascends – is destroyed by a *Reader's Digest* type of ending: in a *Digest* article on, say, thrombosis, there must be a cure or a hope held up in the last paragraph. Mr Miller's conclusion that his hero's luck proceeded from virtue, 'taking care', and wasn't luck at all is a surprising throw out, a defrauding of the play. The sapling Greek Tragedy was given its American success finish. Patrick Burger, the luck-man, made a slow beginning but came strongly in the Third Act; yet it was Philippa Reid, playing the wife, who gave the most complete performance. Apart from three 'added' dream sequences, a pretentious and gratuitous stirring of the psychological pudding, Mr Marowitz's production had its style.

H. A. L. C.

Correspondence

WHO IS MR LOUW?

SIR, – With the arrival in London from South Africa of Mr Eric Louw, it is pertinent to wonder who Mr Louw represents. We know that Mr Louw does not represent the Africans, the Coloured, the Indians, the Jews, or those South Africans who have remained loyal to their Christian, Socialist, Liberal, or indeed Conservative, heritage. He does not represent those Europeans who have taken up residence in the last five years; they have no political status. Presumably he does not represent the United Party, though its weak and inept leadership in the last few weeks has shown that it does not form a true opposition, and has doomed it to impotence and extinction. It is stated that he does not even represent all sections of Nationalist Afrikanerdom.

An indication of what Mr Louw does represent has been provided by his own record. He is one of the more travelled Nationalists and was appointed by the late General Hertzog, when Prime Minister before World War Two, to a variety of posts abroad. In those positions he stated that South Africa was an independent sovereign state and while he was Minister at Union Embassies in Italy, France, and Portugal, he instructed that only the Union flag should be flown. He was somewhat opposed to South Africa entering the war.

His recent attitude to 'intimidating the intimidators' among Africans is reminiscent of his attitude to Afrikaners who supported General Smuts during the war, disparagingly referred to by Nationalists as 'Loyal Dutch'. *Die Burger* reported him as saying at Beaufort West on 19 July 1940: 'The day of reckoning will come; we shall settle accounts with the "Loyal Dutch" . . . For this a vigilance committee has been established. We shall keep "red" lists.' On 2 December 1940 (also reported in *Die Burger*) he said: 'We must let the "Loyal Dutchman" with his borrowed loyalty feel that he is a branded renegade and social castaway if he does not stop his despicable game and behave like a true Afrikaner', i.e. one who agreed with Mr Louw. The Hague later refused to accept as South African representative one who did agree with him: Dr Otto Duplessis, who wrote an essay *Die Nuwe Suid-Afrika* (The New South Africa) which contained the opinion 'The whole of Europe, with the exception of a few small states, has accepted the New Order' of Hitler and Mussolini and went on: 'Today Marshal Goering's air force is busy stabbing at the heart of once mighty England.' One detects a certain satisfaction in the phrasing of this opinion by a friend of Mr Louw.

Shortly before the attack on him, Dr Verwoerd told an agricultural show audience that no nation can stand alone; this was when Dr Verwoerd realised that his government is alone. Does Mr Louw bring a desire to work with the British Commonwealth? No. When the late Mr Havenga, leader of another dissident Afrikaner group, urged co-operation between Afrikaner and Briton after the war, Dr Verwoerd in an editorial in his paper *Die Transvaler*, 3 September 1940, stated that Nationalist Afrikanerdom would regard co-operation with Britons, i.e. in South Africa, as a betrayal of Afrikaners.

Since then, by political manoeuvres of constituencies, by grabbing South West Africa, and by a series of Bills which have killed the representation and liberty of non-Afrikaner groups, the Nationalists have been in control. In fact, since Dr Malan took office in 1948 the country should have been called Sudia-Afrika; it is not South Africa. It is a Nazi state. Mr Louw represents that. We are fortunate in having in Cape Town an archbishop who represents the best of our Dutch allies and ourselves, and who attacks the Nationalist monstrosity on its own ground.

May I conclude with a personal note? Mr Louw is reported as saying that recent attacks by foreign newspapermen represent a new element. Following the publication of my book *Twilight in South Africa* in 1950, *Die Burger* began its review: 'It was inevitable that the sort of bad reporting which South Africa has had to endure since 1948 should eventually assume a

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more permanent garb . . . Gibbs goes out of his way to print that nobody in South Africa can be held responsible for his opinions, implying that some nameless terror awaits his South African informants if their identity should become known (this point was substantiated by 'Dissenter' in your issue of 23 April). A subleader in the same issue of *Die Burger* started: 'On the track of the sensationalist reporters comes the sensationalist writer of books on South Africa.'

It is Mr Louw and his colleagues who supply the sensations, not those of us who have reported on their cause and course. Their policies are losing South Africa to anarchism and Communism. The Commonwealth Prime Ministers should note the fact.

HENRY GIBBS

Kiln Shotts
Haytor
Newton Abbot
Devon

THE MARCH

SIR, – Your correspondent Mr Conrad Russell states that 'The only reason for a full scale nuclear attack would be a Russian belief that we meant to make such an attack ourselves.' This is at present unfortunately true, but surely to deduce from it the belief that Russia is an unaggressive power with whom, but for nuclear weapons, we could live at peace, is to ignore the real factors at issue in international relations which are, as they have always been, *political*.

Even without the Bomb there will be danger of a third war. Even with it, as Mr Russell says, the West is inadequately equipped to oppose Russia. As General Maxwell Taylor has pointed out, what are needed for limited wars such as the Korean are not nuclear weapons but really efficient conventional forces. But these forces are not in themselves enough for they would be at the mercy of Russia's superior nuclear armament, and what reason is there to suppose that Russia would not use such weapons if she could do so without fear of retaliation.

Any answer to that question is bound to be in political terms for it must express a view of Russian policy and of Communist ideology. To exponents of 'western ideals' such as the Liberals to whom Mr Russell claims to belong, their answer is not very encouraging.

SIMON GILLETT

Peterhouse,
Cambridge.

THE VOICE OF THE YOB

SIR, – During the time that I have been subscribing to the NEW STATESMAN never have I read such mealy-mouthed, hypocritical rubbish as Mr Kerridge's article 'The Voice of the Yob'. Mr Kerridge and his kind make me sick. Abhorring anything or anyone regarded as civilised and conventional, they spend their time adding fuel to the class-conscious fire by posing as the benign benefactors of society's oddities and outcasts. Mr Kerridge, stop making excuses for them, they just laugh at you! Instead of applying psychology, try something different. The birch? A perplexing question, yet remember that its use has done little harm to previous generations.

Putting the majority of these yobs into their true perspective, what good are they going to be? They hate work, they loathe effort and those at school can't leave fast enough. For example, a friend of mine, waiting to go up to university in September, became a supply teacher and has been posted to a Secondary Modern school. He assures me that with few exceptions and despite the fact that many of the pupils come from good homes, they fall into the category of the three hates – they hate work, effort and school. Homework is virtually unknown and so these teenage pupils spend most of their time, as Mr Kerridge puts it, 'enjoying themselves'. Yet in the future the voice of today's yob will be raised in anger against his harsh treatment and lack of opportunity.

I am one of Mr Kerridge's 'sport-mad . . . . sixth-formers', though I don't 'collect peculiar things, like stamps or bus tickets.' Yet because I wish to make a success of my life, gain knowledge and pass examinations, Mr Kerridge has an immediate dislike for me. Mr Kerridge, to get on in this competitive society, a monster rat-race if you like, you must pass examinations, you must have initials behind your name, you must be able to quote to your potential employer that you have done this, you can do that, you have played that game.

I was revolted by the indifferent manner with which Mr Kerridge dismisses, on only one line of print, the fact that there is 'a lot of juvenile crime.' Similarly, how can an intelligent person call a youth who breaks into a house 'slap-happy'. If that youth was in complete control of his senses then it was a deliberate, malicious action and should be punished accordingly.

Rebel teenagers are not a transatlantic discovery of the 20th century, they have been a feature of our society for centuries, but not until now have they caused so much publicity and so much concern to the general public. I agree with Mr Kerridge that to a certain extent adults can be held responsible for the present teenage chaos. Yes, adults with views like those of Mr Kerridge, who in their endeavours to approach the problems of youth from a psychological angle, always seem to be making excuses for teenagers and declaring with great authority that they are not as bad as they are made out to be, yet are never able to show any practical progress in causing the percentage of teenage crimes to fall.

Finally, I would hasten to add, one doesn't have to be a yob to abstain from alcohol and drink coffee, be 'emphatically against colour prejudice', 'resent all forms of hypocrisy' and though I personally deplore such a thought, welcome a 'total rejection of religion'.

GRAHAM FOOTITT

79 Pickford Lane,
Bexleyheath,
Kent.

NHS UNDER SCRUTINY

SIR, – Two further points might have been included in your admirable analysis of the Health Service.

1. Those who favour homœopathic doctors usually have to pay both for the consultations and medicines. (Fortunately most homœopathic medicines are inexpensive.)

2. A great difficulty in the doctor-patient relationship under the Health Service is a psychological one. Under the system of capitation fees, the more sensitive patient feels that a visit to, or by, the doctor is bound to be just *one more chore* for an overworked public servant. The practitioner gets his pay (capitation fees) whether he sees his patients or not; however devoted, conscientious and enthusiastic he may be, it is usually inevitable that the fewer their calls, the better he is pleased; and vice versa. This is a quite different relationship from the one under which a doctor-patient visit was a paid professional service, like that of a lawyer or architect, and of direct advantage to both parties.

It may not be practicable, but it seems to me that a better arrangement would be for the doctor to receive some sort of modest 'retaining fee' from the Health Service, and then to render bills to the patient in the ordinary way, the bills being passed on to the local health authorities for approval and payment.

In this way, every visit would be an asset, not an extra burden to the doctor, and the patient would be relieved of the embarrassed feeling that he is a nuisance.

There may be objections that such an arrangement could be abused; to which I would reply that every arrangement is abused by somebody, and that the rationalisation of patient's demands and doctors' attentions would greatly clarify the somewhat muddled and hectic (for the doctors) present situation. It would also allow GPs to visit their own patients in hospital, and would make it worth their while not to push into hospital every case more serious than a common cold.

DORIS DAVY

Penny Hill
Amberley
Sussex

SIR, – While favouring a salaried GP service, I know that most of my colleagues are against it and that it will not be imposed by a Conservative government. This reform must therefore wait for the Greek Kalends or the return of a Labour majority (whichever comes first, with odds on the former). Very many things could be done, however, to improve the service greatly at little cost.

1. Every GP should have a three months' post-graduate course, arranged by a university and mainly at a teaching hospital, every five years. Those now between 40 and 60 should have a six month course straight away.

2. There should be loans (or grants out of the money proposed for the ridiculous merit

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awards – the sucker's-up charter) for improvements of premises up to a high minimum standard.

3. There should be a locum service for illness and holidays. This could be staffed by (a) doctors waiting for appointments; (b) retired doctors able to work a few months every year, and (c) for a total of three months at least each by trainee specialists. This would give them an interesting and, believe me, much needed insight into some of the facts of life.

4. Since the health centres we were promised are not to be provided, the Local Authorities should at least be made to provide message centres and telecommunication facilities which would confer an enormous benefit on patients and doctors.

DAVID CARGILL

24 High Street
Maldon
Essex

FACTS ON FLOGGING

Sir,–The Home Secretary has asked his Advisory Council on the Treatment of Offenders, of which I am Chairman, to consider whether there are grounds for re-introducing any form of corporal punishment as a judicial penalty in respect of any categories of offences and of offenders. Much has been said and written about this controversial subject, but in order that we can ourselves consider the arguments which weigh with the public on one side of the controversy or the other, the Council are anxious to hear directly from persons and organisations who have already formed their own views on it. We have already invited evidence from a number of the organisations likely to be most closely interested, but we think that there may be other organisations, as well as private individuals, whose views would be of some help to us in reaching our conclusions. If any of your readers would like to help the Council in this way, I should be grateful if they would send a brief statement of their views to the Secretary, Advisory Council on the Treatment of Offenders, Home Office, Whitehall, London, SW1.

PATRICK BARRY

Royal Courts of Justice,
London, WC2.

SIR, – When flogging is discussed, its advocates persistently and stubbornly beg the main question: they ignore the fact that what little evidence there is suggests that flogging is not in practice a remedy for crime. This is dangerous enough. But unfortunately everybody – on both sides – seems to accept by default a yet more dangerous implication. This is that, if the small amount of evidence were found to be *in favour* of flogging as a remedy, this would provide good ground for re-introducing it into our penal system. Nothing could be further from the truth; yet the Lord Chief Justice himself evidently took it quite for granted when contending on 24 April that 'the balance of advantage' now lies in favour of re-introducing the birch for any type of offence.

There is a principle of the utmost importance involved here; and, in view of the request for evidence and opinions by the Advisory Council on the Treatment of Offenders, its relevance – if it is accepted as valid – should surely be generally acknowledged. What the principle says is that bad means should be used only when it it practically certain that they will attain a relatively valuable end (and even so the 'balancing of advantage' is an extremely delicate task). In the present case, whatever view is taken of the evidence, we have a thoroughly cruel and humiliating means, and very serious doubt as to whether it will attain the desired end. It seems therefore a curious excess of punitive fervour to advocate the means nevertheless.

RUPERT CRAWSHAY-WILLIAMS

Castle Yard
Portmeirion
Merioneth

SECOND CROP

SIR,–W. John Morgan's article 'Second Crop' raises a number of important aspects regarding caravans and natural landscape. As a result of the National Parks and Access to the Countryside Act of 1949, it is true that in England and Wales today all areas of fine landscape lie either within the boundaries of National Parks or designated areas of outstanding natural beauty. This fact means that the planning authorities for the National Parks and those whose counties contain areas of outstanding natural beauty, are empowered by the Act to provide suitable facilities to enable public enjoyment of these selected areas and to take measures to preserve and protect the landscape. Government grants of up to 75 per cent are available for works concerning the construction of car parks, caravan camps, road works, etc. and for the provision of places for food and drink and holiday accommodation.

Of course, most of the worst caravan sites were in operation before recent planning legislation but surely it was inexcusable to think that the demand for caravan sites in these popular places would not continue, and it should have been and still is the duty of the National Park Planning authorities and the National Parks Commission to show a more positive awareness of this demand. All of the recent outcries about caravan sites could have been avoided if these authorities had planned and constructed caravan sites (where they were needed) on the right scale and in suitable places so that caravans could be set in pleasant surroundings at low densities and by skilful design and planning would not infringe the natural beauty. Caravans need not triumph, as W. John Morgan suggests. Sylvia Crowe, a landscape artist of wide experience, explained how this is possible in *Tomorrow's Landscape* published a few years ago. These sites could either be run by the local authorities or handed over to a reliable operator. The Peak District National Park have done just this: but only once.

Possibly this kind of action would have been taken if the administration of the National Parks had been on a more business-like and dedicated basis, or if the powers of the National Parks Commission had been more than simply advisory and also if it had been granted more money to distribute in the form of grants. The Commission and the administrative organisations of the various National Parks seem to have been too much a matter of party politics and not enough of national concern.

MICHAEL LAURIE

2 Nottingham Street,
W1.

THE LITTLE SISTER

SIR, – In your lively article on Princess Margaret you describe Queen Victoria's father, the Duke of Kent, as 'The Wicked'. Here I think you have confused him with his younger brother, the Duke of Cumberland. The former might well be accused of pomposity, narrow-mindedness and over-disciplinarity, but to call him 'wicked' is going too far. On the other hand, the Duke of Cumberland was suspected (although I think unjustly) of incest with one of his sisters and also with homosexuality with his valet who tried to murder him and then committed suicide at St James's Palace. There are also grounds for believing that, during William IV's reign, he was engaged in some kind of conspiracy to prevent the Princess Victoria from ascending the throne.

As a matter of interest, could you inform your readers how Her Royal Highness on her return from her honeymoon is to perceive the 'imperceptible' change in her position? As your policy unfortunately is one of denigration of the Royal Family you cannot be crediting this very worthy and hard working member of it with extra-sensory perceptions.

J. E. M. GUNNING

3 Queen's Gate Place
SW7

CHILDREN'S BOOK SUPPLEMENT

The World of William Mayne

THE paramount feeling in William Mayne's best passages is of being eleven years old and more than ordinarily alive. He conveys an eager participation in the being and doing of the world about you, and a sense that the imagination is at home here. The story itself seems only to have been an accessory, to set in motion this participation. Do Mayne's narratives carry more significance than this? Not very much. The dozen or so novels for the 9-13 age group that he has published since 1953 have earned the interest and advocacy of librarians, teachers and parents; one, *A Grass Rope* gained the Carnegie Medal. And certainly his is a talent out of the ordinary. It's a matter partly of style (in the largest sense) and partly of his working over a territory – narrow it may be – that no one has got into imaginative fiction in quite this way before. *Bevis* adumbrates the possibilities (and does much more), but the sequence of country novels with which Mayne followed his two choir-school successes, sounds a note quite its own.

His latest, *The Rolling Season*•, is as good as any he has done, and quintessentially his own kind of book. He strikes no new depths, but a little extends his range: there is more sense of the wholeness of a small community here than he has attempted before; there is at least a sketchy version of some adolescents not from the social top drawer, drawn with the same alertness as he draws his engaging nine or thirteen year-olds of pleasant and cultivated families. And the West Indian bus-conductor who has married into the village, and lives next door, through whose queer nocturnal experience on the downs as he trudges home the tale opens out – he belongs quite naturally with the whole imaginative world here, and hasn't merely been imposed on it for theoretical reasons. It's a remarkable and a flattering book to offer a boy or girl of 10 to 13, and one wonders how many are going to make this grade. The first chapter proffers its mystery delightfully enough. Then, as the village scene, and the family and children solidify, the story moves elliptically and allusively: conversations are pointed, lively, and tricky to follow through. Yet the unfolding is done with a supremely confident air, as if no reader could fail to be with the author. Mayne takes for granted his young reader's collaboration in sharp sensuous experience and imaginative expectancy. One feels that the mood out of which it has come was sincere and deep enough; the writing lapses occasionally, but the pressure is firm from page to page. By way of plot, we have a drought-stricken village, water-divining, strange nocturnal sounds and experiences, small struggles for the power control over water-supply brings, and a resourceful plumbing of village annals for their ancient lore.

The Rolling Season. By WILLIAM MAYNE. *Oxford*. 10s. 6d.

But the story is not what comes to mind as one recollects his books, and the new one isn't likely to be an exception. It is a texture of related episodes and experiences, especially of sounds. And this helps mark out the limits of Mayne's kind of achievement. You could set Hardy's *Our Exploit at West Poley* beside this book to identify a lack; and Hardy's compelling little tale is peculiarly this one's ancestor. But its story stays in the mind as a moral event, it bears on the question, How to live. The tensions at work in the youthful self there, the whole nexus of obligations, responsibilities and perplexities built up – these give such significance to the world of Hardy's tale as to remove it some way from Mayne's. Then a glance back at the two choir-school books with which Mayne first gained wide applause sheds further light. The idyllic glow that falls on school and cathedral hardly conceals the facility with which youthful relationships, and the relations of boys and masters, are dreamed up. And what in *A Swarm in May* seemed merely an absence of responsible judgment in the author, reveals itself in the sequel, *Choristers' Cake*, as a distinct want of moral insight. Where Mayne comes nearest to presenting events in the moral world – Peter Sandwell's exclusion from the school community, its cause and result – he presents indecent and mean behaviour under a blurred haze of co-operation and pulling-your-weight ethics, and endorses a kind of conformity to a kind of *moeurs* that I would repudiate with vigour.

It is probably as well that he resumed, thereafter, the style and pattern of his early *Follow the Footprints*. The absence of real story connects with an absence of significant interest in personality and relation-deferentially, to the contrary, I can find ships. For all that reviewers have said, little to admire of psychological insight into youthful, leave alone adult, human nature. The way the children act and think and imagine is drawn from no very deep centre; the gaiety and exuberance so widely admired the successful fusing of the author's vision with the eleven-year-old's, effectively preclude any such thing. The eccentric adults are done with deft Dickensian touches, and the natural term to use of the character-drawing generally is 'affectionate'. The family circles are absurdly accommodating and equable, and one wouldn't mind if they weren't thrust upon the attention so much. The Daddys (they are always Daddy in Mayne's world) are hardly distinguishable from one another, they certainly don't represent an eleven year-old's *experience* of fathers: their arch conviviality or quietly jolly facetiousness becomes more and more trying. The one really vexing adult in a home circle is Mrs Wrigley of *The Blue Boat*: and she is *in loco parentis* for an adored pair who appear at the end of the book. The frequent offer of adult and sixteen year-old and eleven year-old in relationship is a mirage: the older two just aren't there. The three can set up their agreeable cameraderie because essentially they are all the same age.

The absence, as I see it, of deep human truth in Mayne's world marks an important limitation. It means that his stories cannot offer children any increase in power to grow into, and adapt to, a world of other people, commensurate with their offer of power to grow in other delicate but insufficient ways. That offer expresses itself in the natural analogy of treasure trove, the substance of each of these 'stories'. The urge towards discovery; the clues along the way – clues often more significant to the young than to their elders; the search flecked perhaps with ordeal and peril but by no means dependent on them; and the finding, which in Mayne is essentially a finding-out: here are the ingredients. Buried treasure in the formal sense it may be; or some secret of the past; some means to security or to release in the present – the changes Mayne

Poems by James Reeves

BRAND THE BLACKSMITH

Brand the Blacksmith with his hard hammer
Beats out shoes for the hooves of horses.
Bagot the Boy works at the bellows
To make fine mounts for the King's forces.

Better the music than bell or bugle
When 'Huff!' go the bellows and 'Ding!' goes the hammer.
'Better this work by far,' says Bagot,
'Than banging of school bell and grinding at grammar.'

CASTLES AND CANDLELIGHT

Castles and candlelight
Are courtly things.
Turreted high
For the children of Kings
Stands the fair castle
Over the strand,
And there with a candle
In her thin hand,
With tunes in her ears
And gold on her head
Climbs the sad Princess
Upstairs to bed.

Castles and candlelight
Are cruel things,
For castles have dungeons,
And moths have wings.
Woe to the shepherd-boy
Who in darkness lies,
For viewing the Princess
With love in his eyes.
Ah, the poor shepherd-boy—
How long will it be
Before the proud King
Will let him go free?

Magnolia Buildings by *Elizabeth Stucley*, illustrated by Dick Hart. An amusing account of a year in the life of a Cockney family. 12*s* 6*d*.

The Street Musician by *Paul Berna*, illustrated by Richard Kennedy. A sequel to *A Hundred Million Francs* in which Gaby's gang set out to solve the mystery of the strange blind accordion player who roamed the streets of Louvigny. 12*s* 6*d*.

The Fifth Testament by *Ernest A. Gray*. The latter part of the life of Christ as seen by Britannicus, a Roman soldier stationed in Palestine. 12*s* 6*d*.

Viking's Sunset by *Henry Treece*, illustrated by Christine Price. The third book in the trilogy that contains *Viking's Dawn* and *The Road to Miklagard* tells how Harald Sigurdson and the Giant Grummoch set out in their longship to pursue a blood enemy. 12*s* 6*d*.

The Blood Red Crescent by *Henry Garnett*, illustrated by William Stobbs. Guido Callato, a fifteen-year-old Venetian, after seeing the results of a corsair raid joins the fleet commanded by Don John of Austria, which defeats the Turks at the Battle of Lepanto. 12*s* 6*d*. (May 23rd).

Russia: The Land and the People by *Joan Charnock*, with a foreword by Sir John Cockcroft, and illustrated with a map and photographs. An introduction to a country about which very little is known. 15*s*.

The Middle Moffat by *Eleanor Estes*, illustrated by Louis Slobodkin. The second book about the Moffat family describes the adventures of Jane—the middle Moffat. 12*s* 6*d*.

The Acorn Library

Four new titles have been added to this series of early reading books for 6-9 year olds, providing simple stories, well told and well illustrated. Each book has a decorated binding and coloured endpapers, and costs 7*s*. 6*d*.

Seven White Pebbles by *Helen Clare*, illustrated by Cynthia Abbott.

Piccolo by *Anita Hewett*, illustrated by Dick Heart.

Nicolette and the Mill by *René Guillot*, illustrated by Charles Mozley.

The Griffin and the Minor Canon by *Frank R. Stockton* with **The Magic Fishbone** by *Charles Dickens*, illustrated by David Gentleman.

BODLEY HEAD

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

AND YOUNG PEOPLE

has rung upon his image are delightful, and none more so than his latest. The sense of quest is common. It's charming to observe how in a tale like *The World Upside Down* the lure of treasure as ancient riches connects with the lure of Mayne's far more idiosyncratic 'treasure', the catching and transferring of a trout of fabulous size.

The finding-out process, too, is complicated. There is magic in the web of the child's world, and the quest demands both loyalty to the sense of mystery, and (as facts come to light, usually after scenes of darkness) a slow folding of the grasp upon the rational basis that was concealed. The Mayne mystery has always a rational cause, and by the end, only the very young refuse any impact to it. But you cannot go upon the quest armed only with the rational confidences of the older people; you need the bravado and the folly of imagination. Two of the best novels, *The Blue Boat* and *A Grass Rope*, work through children of differing ages, whose attitudes identify more clearly the alternative ways. The first sets two brothers together in an adventure, one still profusely imaginative, investing all experience with fantasy, the other – only a year or two older – uneasily poised between imagination and sceptical honesty. In *A Grass Rope* the adolescent sixth-former's reading of the mystery collides with the small Mary's, and the novel handles quite subtly the insufficiency of each alone. Not that Mayne manages either the sense of mystery or the grappling of sensitive growth with the rational basis, with the art of a master. But he has got his interest here beautifully focused. So each of the best novels is likely to be a fresh engagement with the possibilities and difficulties of this kind of growth, for any young reader himself or herself living in that borderline place between imagination's authoritarian regime and the clumsy, bewildering democracy of fact, reason, and explanation. It may be that only the children he writes about will read his novels with much profit; others may get – do get – the same sort of pleasure from novels far inferior. We may as well accept it, that only an élite among young readers is in question: very well. Sensitive and imaginative children need their literature, and they are then the better company both for other children and for adults.

Idyllic, charming, gay, glowing: this is the tenor of Mayne's world. It should have its place – beside other worlds. Sense experience runs fresh and clear, and the economy of means is remarkable. The style in this latest novel has got leaner and sharper still. The episodes in which strange bell-sounds haunt the downs in the dark, or the massive wheel is rolled up the slopes, are likely to lodge securely in many young memories: alongside, one hopes, such fine things as the night of the fox-shooting in *A Grass Rope*, where the demands of humane and sensitive feeling, and of respect for a living creature, balance so delicately with the demands of farming, and of preserving other life; and where a boy has to grow by pain, not quelling his finer instincts, but adjusting them to a natural order larger and stranger than he had know till then.

DOUGLAS BROWN

Good and Great

Six Great Engineers. By J. G. CROWTHER. **Six Great Playwrights.** By AUBREY DE SELINCOURT. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s*. 6*d*. each.

The Story of Albert Einstein. By GILLIAN FREEMAN. **The Story of Sir Moses Montefiore.** By JOSEPHINE KAMM. **The Story of David Ben-Gurion.** By BARNET LITVINOFF. *Vallentine Mitchell.* 12*s*. 6*d*. each.

Our Chief of Men. By BERNARD MARTIN. *Longmans.* 8*s*. 6*d*.

The Small Woman. By ALAN BURGESS. *Evans.* 10*s*. 6*d*

Reviewers have been quick to spot the more obvious disadvantages of publishers' passion for the series, their pretence that it has an intrinsic value and the temptation to include inferior books just to keep it going, but no one has pointed out that the good addition to a valuable series is often underrated. *Six Great Engineers* and *Six Great Playwrights* are both remarkable. Besides De Lesseps and Brunel (George Stephenson has already featured as a 'Great Inventor' and Robert as a 'Great Railwayman'), we are introduced to Westinghouse, Parsons, Diesel and Sir Christopher Hinton. Besides Shakespeare and Molière, we learn about Sophocles, Sheridan, Ibsen and Shaw. The facts are expertly marshalled – and not oversimplified; the language is simple – but adult. As there are no other comparable biographies of this length, these units of six are most usefully brigaded as a series, which (although the publishers nowhere suggest it) is becoming a Junior Biographical Dictionary in parts, ideally suited to the eleven-to-fifteen age group.

Two peaceful biographies and a fiercely polemical one for children of the same age are the Stories of Einstein, Montefiore and Ben-Gurion. They have been stuffed into the uniform of a series for a different reason: all are famous Jews. They are unattractively produced at an inexplicably high price. Nevertheless, Miss Freeman's story of Einstein's life is warm-hearted, entertaining and agreeably written, and would be a salutary addition to Christian and Islamic as well as Jewish school libraries. Mrs Kamm's book has the same virtues. She does even better with a far harder subject, performing a near-miracle in making the life of a business man and philanthropist intriguing and impressive. Her quiet confidence that children can be interested in Montefiore's years of travel on behalf of the Jewish people, her understatement and often humorous persuasion reflect the qualities of her original. Would that she had written the book on Ben-Gurion, which is a rag-bag of clichés peppered with exclamation marks. It can hardly help the Jewish and Gentile adults of tomorrow to overcome anti-Semitism, when the Royal Navy is referred to as 'these servants of Bevin . . .'

The first Lord Protector of Great Britain was an even more controversial figure than the first Prime Minister of Israel. Nearly 4,000 books have been written about Oliver Cromwell, yet this latest volume is of unquestionable value, for Mr Martin can display his greatness to the young. 'Very little is known about Oliver's childhood,' he writes – and dismisses childhood and schooldays in eight pages. Instead of an imaginative reconstruction of 'The Young Noll', he gives us a wonderfully succinct account of the social and

political background, pinpointing the circumstances and events that brought Cromwell to the forefront of the battle against the monarchy. The greater part of the book concerns his part in the Civil War and there is little about the aftermath. One of the book's many virtues is, however, that Bernard Martin does much to remove the false picture in the minds of many boys and girls of Cromwell as a fanatical bigot. He reminds them that the French Ambassador marvelled at his 'extraordinary lenience' to the Catholics and that it was through him that the Jews were granted citizenship after centuries as outlaws. Frequent quotations from contemporaries and from Cromwell's own speeches and writings, good maps and illustrations from seventeenth-century sources, a time chart and a brief bibliography put the finishing touches to an efficiently and generously produced biography.

I have left to last *The Small Woman*, as it was published some time ago as an adult biography. This is a Cadet edition, a slightly abbreviated version of this now famous and filmed story of the parlourmaid who became a missionary in China at the Inn of Eight Happinesses and whose twelve-day march with a hundred children at the height of the Sino-Japanese War makes a pantomime out of Nevil Shute's *Pied Piper*. Gladys Aylward's greatness is made credible by careful, unemotional and detailed relation of her astonishing life.

HUGH SHELLEY

A new series, Oak Tree Books (Hamish Hamilton, 8s. 6d. each), begins with *Modern Tales of Mystery and Detection* (Dickson Carr, 'Saki', Thurber, among others) and *Dangerous Journeys*.

The Rest of the World

The Arabs. By HARRY B. ELLIS. *Brockhampton*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Russia: the Land and the People. By JOAN CHARNOCK. *Bodley Head*. 15*s*.

The Lion's Whiskers. By RUSSELL DAVIS and BRENT ASHABRANNER. *Routledge*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Rishi. By TAYA ZINKIN. *Methuen*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Tangara. By NAN CHAUNCY. *Oxford*. 10*s*. 6*d*

Lapland Outlaw. By ARTHUR CATHERALL. *Dent*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

The world has shrunk, even for a child, and I have a big pile of books about foreign countries. Not having seen a new children's book since the Thirties I am at first astonished at the high standard. Then I begin to wonder if the books that please me as a grown-up would also have pleased me as a child; but that is a hopeless game and I can only choose those that seem to me to convey a real idea of the country and its people.

The Arabs is the first I pick up, because of its lovely jacket; and inside there are dramatic black-and-white illustrations. The author is an American journalist who knows the Arabs and who can recount their history so painlessly that his very erudite list of books for further reading, including Glubb, Lawrence and Freya Stark, comes as a shock. Perhaps he over-judged the time a child would take to read the book, but at any rate it contains enough to keep anyone happy for quite a while. It begins with dawn breaking on a bedouin camp in the desert, at the dawn of time, and ends with a dry comment on Suez.

I learned even more from *Russia: the Land and the People*, which bulges with information to satisfy the most inquisitive child; it is a history of Russia as well as a handbook to the USSR – in fact a sort of young person's Gunther which could usefully be borrowed by grown-ups who hadn't read the other one. There is a danger, I imagine, that children are brought up these days to think of Russia as 'the enemy', much as France and Germany have been at other times, without their ever being reminded that the Russians too are human beings, and have a history, a culture and institutions just as we have. Mrs Charnock writes with knowledge and great sympathy, and if her book does anything to arouse interest in Russia (as it should), or merely helps to make a new generation aware of the vitality and humanity involved in that colossal country, she will have performed more than just a useful service.

But I am a sucker for a story, and I suppose most children are the same. If the story introduces characters who can be recognised as plausible nationals of a country and is played against a vivid background, all the better. Two Americans, working in Ethiopia, have collected in *The Lion's Whiskers* thirty tales about jungle kings and lions and brave men and cowards which, while evoking Aesop and Kipling, contrive to give an enthralling picture of what that romantic kingdom is like now. What's more, some of the stories are very funny.

Taya Zinkin's *Rishi* is easily the best of this whole bunch. India, of course, is a gift for a story-teller, but that is not to minimise Mrs Zinkin's skill. Her Rishi is an English boy born in the last days of the British Raj and brought up in the first years of Independence. Into his childhood come bulbuls, cobras, Hindu gods, an old cook from Goa,

DENT

Sybil Burr's
OPERATION BLINDBELL
Frontispiece by Christopher Brooker
"The highland scene is admirably described and there is a fine Buchan-like atmosphere about the whole affair." *The Scotsman.*
12s. 6d.

David Lockhart's
THE OLD VIOLIN
Illustrated by Geraldine Spence
"A good story which contains information and inspiration for the music-loving youngster." *Music Teaching.* 12s. 6d.

M. E. Allan's
A SUMMER IN BRITTANY
Frontispiece by Terence Freeman
Hilary finds self-confidence and romance abroad. "A book which will appeal to all girls." *Elizabethan.*
12s. 6d.

Alice Lunt's
JEANETTE'S FIRST TERM
Illustrated by Dorothy Parsons
The adventures of Jeanette and Agnes at their new secondary modern school 12s. 6d.

Helen Dawson's
THE HOUSE IN HAVEN STREET
Frontispiece by Brian Wildsmith
A detective story for young readers, in which a smart teenager unravels a crime. 11s. 6d.

Illustration by G. Oakley from **KIDNAPPED**
by **R. L. Stevenson**
in **Children's Illustrated Classics** *series*

FOR THE VERY YOUNG

THE SINGING ANGEL by Sybilla Classen
"This is a beautifully produced book for the under nine age group." *Teachers World.* *With 2-colour line drawings.* Dent. 10s. 6d.

SONYA-BY-THE-SHORE by Helen Cresswell
"This story has the special appeal of the fantasy world, and is a particularly happy example of this genre." *Teachers World.* *Very fully illustrated.* Dent. 10s. 6d.

FLY HOME, COLOMBINA by Rosalie Fry
Through Lucinda's fresh eyes we see the Italian towns she visits and meet Francesco and his pigeon, Colombina. *Illustrated by the author.* Dent. 11s. 6d.

THE SAMMY STORIES by Phyllis Power
Sammy, a small black doll knighted by the Fairy Queen, goes adventuring into the world to Australia. *Illustrated by Claire Kelly.* Dent. 12s. 6d.

ALDINE HOUSE ★ BEDFORD ST.

PHOENIX

Christopher Trent's
LOOKING AT BUILDINGS
With 16 pages of plates
"A book that will suggest many exciting and informative expeditions." *Boys Own Paper.* 10s. 6d.

Phil Drackett's
AUTOMOBILES WORK LIKE THIS
Fully illustrated with line drawings
"If a father has any inkling that his boy may have an inclination towards car engineering it is almost a duty to buy this book." *Manchester Evening News.* 9s. 6d.

S. Sutton-Vane's
THE STORY OF EYES
Line drawings by Anthony Ravielli
"A superb presentation of the development of eyes in humans and other forms of life. The illustrations are perfection." *Daily Express.* 12s. 6d.

Anthony Ravielli's
ADVENTURE WITH SHAPES
Line drawings in colour by the author
Every living thing is a lesson in geometry at its exquisite best. Brilliant drawings here reveal the inherent beauty of all objects. 12s. 6d.

'Progress of Science' series
COMMUNICATIONS
by Charles Marshall
An introduction to the basic principles underlying radio, radar, etc. *Very fully illustrated.* 9s. 6d.

THE WORLD OF FEELING
by J. D. Carthy
A new handbook which covers our knowledge of the sensory system. *Very fully illustrated.* 9s. 6d.

Edith Unnerstad

author of

"The Spettecake Holiday"

has written a new book for children which we shall publish later this year, called

Grandmother's Journey

Illustrated 12/6

Mermaid

Junior Histories

This is a new series, the first two titles of which will be ready this autumn

Elfrida Vipont

A HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY IN BRITAIN

and

Mary Cathcart Borer

a social history

PEOPLE LIKE US

Both illustrated 12/6

MICHAEL JOSEPH

a Muslim bearer from Nasirabad. Parsees and banias (*real* people, these); he uses his pet guinea-pig for experiments in re-incarnation, keeps a lion in his Bombay flat, has nightmares about water-buffaloes, gives advice on matrimony to a Bengali businessman, and is heart-broken when his parents banish him from his beloved India to a school in England. Reading *Rishi*, I could feel the greasiness of a *puri* in my fingers, and hear the clockwork cry of a *pan* seller, and smell the dhobi-fresh cleanness of a cotton sari and the scent of a million oil-lamps on Diwali night; and if it did that to me, what could it not do to a child?

From *Tangara*, which is about a little white girl who makes friends with a little black girl in the Tasmanian outback, I got nothing beyond a fairly clear idea of the terrible language that Tasmanians talk and a suspicion that the aborigines still get a pretty thin time; but then the little white girl, who is called by no less than three different names just to add to the muddle, would probably write me off as a nohoper.

Lapland Outlaw is a classic boys' adventure story about the land of the midday night. Lassos come humming through the blizzard to pin the policeman's arms to his side, an old man alternately imitates the howl of a hungry wolf and the cry of a golden plover, a Swedish trader forges a bill of sale, and a boy achieves desperate, impossible things on skis. Next time I am stuck in the Arctic with a herd of starving reindeer on my hands and a police helicopter wheeling overhead, I shall know what to do.

NICHOLAS WOLLASTON

Arts Men Start Here

Science. Edited by J. BRONOWSKI, GERALD BARRY, JAMES FISHER, JULIAN HUXLEY. *Macdonald.* 45*s.*

This book does excellently what it claims to do. It is a simple, accurate and interesting account of the physical sciences, for children and ignorant adults. If one would like to alter an occasional word or sentence, reduce the emphasis on some details, include other topics which seem neglected, this is because one becomes interested in the task the authors have set themselves, and only wonders whether in any way it could be done better. Certainly the production could not be improved. The designer, Hans Erni, has achieved an astonishing combination of accurate scientific draughtsmanship with imaginative art. Who could call science dull, vulgar, mechanical, after seeing it in this charming and tasteful dress?

Perhaps new standards in book production reflect a new attitude towards science itself. Instead of emphasising the difference between new 'science' and old 'culture' – the inferiority complex of the disciples of Mr Wells – we are beginning at last to recognise that the two cultures were always one, and can be taught as one. It is too late to do this in the universities, and not easy in the sixth form. But then how do we learn our little bits of 'culture' anyway – our scraps of knowledge of economics, philosophy, theology, painting, agriculture, horse-racing, rose-growing, pigeon-fancying, engine-spotting and football pools? Not from our dominies, ushers, and schoolmarms, but by reading books and newspapers, talking to other people, and keeping our eyes open.

Of course science is difficult because it is written in a strange language. In a foreign language, even with a dictionary, we can make no sense until we know some elementary grammar, the irregularities of verbs and the idiosyncrasies of syntax. But languages can be translated, and pleasure and interest won from good literature without our having first written essays on the significance of the present perfective in Pushkin. In other words, we can reasonably hope for a smattering of general scientific knowledge amongst educated people without their being specialists, just as we know that it is not unusual for a Fellow of the Royal Society to be able to distinguish Bach from Beethoven, and Shaw from Shakespeare. The Two-Culture Problem, like the Four-Colour Problem, cannot be solved exactly, but at least we can try. If all our children could know as much, and as accurately, as there is in this book, that would be something. If the schools would teach science from the same generalised and enlightened viewpoint, instead of grinding away at dead old trivia, that would be a great deal.

How far could we go? Snow's acid test 'What do you know of the Second Law of Thermodynamics?' would fail, for it is stated quite inadequately here. Much of the algebraic, arithmetical side of science is outside the grasp of those who are numerically colourblind and symbolically tone-deaf. The facts of chemistry and biology are as multifarious as Victorian sermons and minor novels. Some scientific theories, some natural phenomena, are as complex as Kant, as obscure as Joyce. But as this book shows, simple logic, pictorial demonstration, and concentration on the essential principles can teach a lot about some aspects, at least, of what makes the world go round.

JOHN ZIMAN

Reality Breaks Through

The Maythorn Story. By GEOFFREY TREASE. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mary Jane. By DOROTHY STERLING. *Constable.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Magnolia Buildings. By ELIZABETH STUCLEY. *Bodley Head.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Jeanette's First Term. By ALICE LUNT. *Dent.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

New Town. By NOEL STREATFEILD. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

All these five books depict children's adventures in a setting with which one half of our child population or the other would be reasonably familiar. Two of them describe the world of the housing estate and the secondary modern. One is about a frankly middle-class family. Another leaps the ha-ha between the two classes. They offer a breath of reality, and at the same time a salutary chance of knowing how other children live. What an odd contrast they make with the stylised middle-class world of the mysterious grange and the Edwardian school story which still lingers in the fourpenny comics!

Having said this, I must confess that the best of this batch is in a way the most old-fashioned. In *The Maythorn Story* you will find the traditional elements of the children's adventure: the lonely little girl left behind with a stuffy grown-up while her parents are abroad, the kindly professor, and the amazing discovery. No smugglers' hoard, or secret submarine, but a Roman pavement right in the middle of an industrial town. What Mr Geoffrey Trease has cunningly achieved is a synthesis of the old and the new type of story. To do this he has used two backgrounds: the romantic green hills on the Welsh border, and

the grimy canal-scape of the nearby industrial town. Sandra lives with her refined Gran up in the hills, and Mike, whose father's a railwayman, meets her there one day when he goes for a ramble. Mike knows about archaeology from the TV and what he's read in the school library, but Sandra takes him to meet some real live archaeologists. Soon they are both at work on the dig by the Beacon: the kindly professor explains that there is no snobbery up here, whatever the schools they may have been to. Mr Trease has his dialogue pat, the kindly professor talks the very latest telly pundit talk, and the tale builds up to a smashing climax.

Mary Jane is an American school story based very broadly on the Little Rock affair. It makes a dramatic, if sometimes rather sentimental tale. Wilson Junior High is being integrated, and Mary Jane has volunteered to be one of the handful of Negro children who will have to bear the brunt of the change. At first the nigger-baiting parents and Darlene, a particularly odious little girl who sits next to her in class, make her life a misery. Just when she is about to throw over the whole experiment – and presumably set back the cause of integration for years – she is befriended by a white girl. The two friends take on the gang together, and Mary Jane is gradually accepted in the new school. This is, of course, the oldest theme of all school stories set in a new and dramatic background. Where Mrs Sterling scores particularly is in the care with which she has drawn the grown-ups, Mary Jane's parents, a middle-class Negro family trying to hide their worry about their daughter's persecution. But the racial issue is very well put ('they've got this picture of a Negro in their minds and they just don't know you') and for the documentary value alone this book would be well worth a place on the school library shelf.

Magnolia Buildings makes the most complete break-away from the middle-class children's story. The blowsy Berners family live by the Common in a house with an outside lavatory, and the children sleep two in a bed. Mum's a char, and Dad works on the railway. (That makes two Dads on the railway out of five. Is there some lingering glamour here or is BR now the symbol of degradation?) The story centres on Ally, the 13-year-old daughter who wants to be glamorous, and Val, her younger brother, who's always being nicked by the law. All sorts of disasters are threatened – Doreen is violently sick on the day of the Eleven Plus – but luckily Auntie Glad wins some money on a premium bond, and they can all be off to a wonderful holiday at a camp by the sea. There are some splendidly earthy characters in the tale, like the Berners garrulous slum Mum, and moments of high drama.

Jeanette's First Term, despite the archaic title, describes life in the raw at Castle Street Secondary Modern school. The plot centres on the attempts of Agnes and Jeanette to be united in 1A after cruel fate has put them in separate forms. The tale rattles along, with Agnes always in trouble like a juvenile Lucky Jim, and the only character introduced from the world outside is a large mongrel dog. The author has succeeded in maintaining excitement without making the French mistress an international spy, or revealing a plot to kidnap one of the girls by sinister orientals.

I was rather disappointed by Noel Streatfeild's *New Town*. Anyone who has been down to Harlow or Basildon knows what a marvellous opportunity for the background of a children's story is offered by the social and architectural revolution in progress. But

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The story, set in Tasmania, of Lexie's friendship with a little aboriginal girl, and of its strange consequences. Illustrated by *Brian Wildsmith*. 10S 6D NET

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* * *

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'Beautifully-written biographies . . . fascinating from beginning to end' JOHN O' LONDON'S. *Illus.* 12s. 6d.

★

Hutchinson

Widening young horizons

the Bell family in this story never seem to get to grips with the New Town, and spend their time with the eccentric Admiral who lives in the uppercrust village nearby. As a result the book has a rather conventionalised background, and a muzzy plot. Still, the Bell family are always good value, and the unctuous Bishop who is their father's boss is unbeatable. If they stay in the New Town for another book, let us hope the Bishop gives them a vicarage inside the town itself.

THOMAS PAKENHAM

With Zest and Feeling

The Rib of the Green Umbrella. BY NAOMI MITCHISON. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Riders of the Wind. BY RENÉ GUILLOT. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Forbidden Island. BY MARJORIE DIXON. *Hart-Davis.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Master of Morgana. BY ALLAN CAMPBELL MCLEAN. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Humpy in the Hills. BY JOHN GUNN. *Lutterworth.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

In the end, sitting Crusoe-like on a beach of brightly coloured books, I chose five that seemed to spring from some recognisable kind of reality: none more so than Naomi Mitchison's *The Rib of the Green Umbrella.*

The green umbrella is a gun, the rib an important spare, the scene an Italian town in 1944 with the Germans only shakily in charge and the partisans in the hills outside. Mrs Mitchison presents the three children who act as runners for the Resistance with sharp delicacy and precision: Tonio and Giulia, from the poorest district, and the middle-class Piero as he hands over a parcel of cartridges and complains that the organisation does not allow him to take them the whole way. Only one reason, Tonio says, is: 'You're soft. Look at you – wearing shoes! If you didn't tell the Germans you'd tell your grandfather – or your mother – when you're saying your prayers in your little nightie!' The touch and taste of wartime Italy is vividly conveyed: and Mrs Mitchison reserves also a bright, childlike eye for a brilliantly unobtrusive series of descriptions of the works of art with which the town is stuffed. There is no less sure a touch in her account of social conditions, and Edward Ardizzone's cool, shadowy drawings nicely complement a swift and searching prose. One speck only mars Mrs Mitchison's brisk Italian sun: there is little or no sympathy for the *Tedeschi.* It seems a pity that there was no room for at least one Good Soldier Schweik in San Benedetto.

At first sight, René Guillot's *Riders of the Wind* looked like *Treasure Island* with a dash of sex. But a closer examination revealed an identity and a splendid vitality of its own. Calvar (or Calvary, his name taken from the wayside cross where he had been found abandoned) is a fifteen-year old ship's boy with heron legs, mouth too wide and eyes too blue. Apprenticed to Cap'n Le Hour, a soot voiced old foam-scraper grounded in the wooden quarter of seventeenth-century Nantes, Calvar is soon lost as a human stake in a card game to the Captain of the frigate *Gabrielle-Anne* and sails for the African coast. *Riders of the Wind* is the beautifully controlled parable of the boy's emergence to manhood. There is a dynamic and hauntingly imaginative strength in the bone and muscles of René Guillot's writing (spirited translation by George Bell) that recalls the best of Roy Campbell.

On the surface, Marjorie Dixon's *The Forbidden Island* is much nearer home. The story begins quietly enough with ten-year old Lindsay MacDonell travelling to visit a relative who lives on an island off the north-west coast of Ireland. But with a deceptive and simple-seeming skill, Miss Dixon slowly shifts the emphasis of her tale from the realities of the smashed granite western coastline and its peoples to the mysteries of the nearby *Inish na Tornach:* the Isle of Thunder. Here lives a community forgotten by the world: and with the sturdy simplicity of the born teller of folk-tales, Miss Dixon creates her fantasy with firmness and determination. The book's second section, in which Lindsay (now aged eighteen) revisits the island, is as cunningly handled as the subtle tack, at the end, for reality.

The suspected Spanish treasure ship in Allan Campbell McLean's *Master of Morgana* turns out, more conventionally, to be a fishing boat with a crew of salmon poachers working the rich Glasgow markets. Mr McLean writes with an intimate understanding of the old, simple life of Skye suddenly cracked apart by acts of violence. This is an adventure story written with real distinction.

John Gunn has less of the poet, but *The Humpy in the Hills* is equally exciting for a slightly younger age-group. The humpy is a secret mountain hut, and the fresh and fast narrative is of the search by four children for a thieves' *cache* of £40,000, played against a mercifully not-too travel poster Australia. Mister Charles, the Vachel Lindsay-type poet swagman, is affectionately drawn: and the schoolmasters, as usual, take a bit of a beating. All the same, none of us can fail to recognise Mr Spine, the international horror figure (not confined to the teaching profession) who really believed that 'nothing was quite so effective in quelling an unruly class as a swift and savage display of injustice'.

CHARLES CAUSLEY

Kapok Corner

Blueberg the Little Iceberg. BY GEOFF TAYLOR. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Singing Angel. BY SYBILLA CLASSEN; **Sonya-by-the-Shore.** BY HELEN CRESSWELL. *Dent.* 10*s.* 6*d.* each.

Hilary's Tune. BY VIVIAN ELLIS. *Parrish.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Gnome Who Came to Stay. BY PEGGY STACK. *Nelson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Griffin and the Minor Canon. BY FRANK STOCKTON; **The Magic Fishbone.** BY CHARLES DICKENS. **Piccolo.** BY ANITA HEWETT. **Nicolette and the Mill.** BY RENÉ GUILLOT. *Bodley Head.* 7*s.* 6*d.* each.

'We've had quite enough surprises', said Mr Stone gravely. 'You shouldn't go off in a big town all by yourselves like that. It was very wrong and very naughty of you . . .'

'And to think you crossed that dangerous road all by yourselves!' exlaimed Mrs Stone . . .

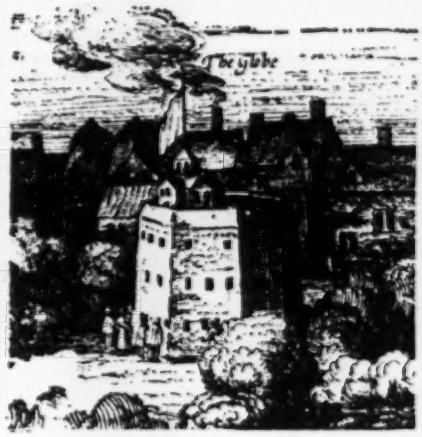
Do your children *like* the sort of book in which this thrilling passage stands out, head and shoulders the most frightful moment in the story? If not, the selection open to them is shrinking. All these books are fairly good, because I have slung out the ones with a kapok factor of over one in two, but there is still a nasty something at work fluffing all the edges. The rules are not kept as they should be. If a hungry child looks at a rich

gentleman (*Piccolo*), it will *at once* get taken out to dinner at an expensive restaurant. If the Dawn Bird tells you to be in the City Square at moonrise without fail and you are not (*Sonya-by-the-Shore*), it won't matter in the slightest. Never any unpleasantness . . . No wonder the coloured comics flourish. *They* don't make that mistake. Take Oscar the Ostrisaur, hero of a current red-and-black strip. He is an affable but omnivorous chick hatched from a prehistoric egg, and he can't do right. 'Broink', he murmurs, chewing thoughtfully for comfort at the side of the boat in which they are taking him off to an island, to keep him out of mischief. 'BROINK?' and the boat crumples and capsizes – everyone is in the water, and Oscar is in trouble again. *That* is what a small child feels like.

Whether on this principle or not, *Blueberg* has had much the best press of these books with my sampling group, which was made up of boys from 6 to 12. It is not well written, but the idea is so good, the boredom of the ice in the glacier and its enjoyment in the ocean are so entertaining, and the adventures so varied, that I recommend it highly. The next two are sentimental, but in just the right sort of way for people of about 5-9. *The Singing Angel* in particular has *all* the works – child angel, angel child, injured wing-tip, pious peasants, sick baby, Austrian decor, saintly old wood-carver, brutal overseer, death-beds, soup and snow. I thought the 8-year olds would find it too much, but they swallowed it avidly. *Sonya-by-the-Shore* also has a peasant setting; it is quite a charming fairy story with a good dark forest in it, but really a little on the soppy side: perhaps more for girls. *Hilary's Tune* is a brisk and lively affair about a boy who hears a tune in his head now and then which makes him run away and have adventures. Some of these, particularly the one about driving the milkman's horse, are good, the rest rather contrived, but the writing is amusing and there are odd bits of handy information.

The two Victorian stories are the only ones here with real style. *The Griffin and the Minor Canon* is in fact an exceptionally fine tale, grave and poetic, better than the Dickens, which is a fraction patronising and sophisticated. The illustrations are excellent. This would do well for thoughtful children of about 8-11, with the advantage usual in good books of continuing to interest them when they got older. *The Gnome Who Came to Stay* is remarkably good as gnomes go; he hated learning magic and tried to get out of his apprenticeship by doing a spell for time-travelling which landed him in the twentieth-century. A good present for any child of 5-9 who is not too proud for gnomes (few are). *Piccolo* (by the author of *A Hat for Rhinoceros*) is about a little Italian boy looking for his lost donkey; it is quite poetic and contains good local colour. *Nicolette and the Mill* is a nice fantasy about a magic ring which makes it possible both to understand that your river wants a change and to pile it in barrels, with the mill in front of it, on the carrier's cart and go off to find somewhere that suits it. A very sound idea and a spirited story; the end disappointed me, but I expect it is moral. Both these are right for about 4-8.

I haven't said anything about the pictures in most of these books because they all have Adequate Drawings and what can you say about that? Nor have I denied that children are quite happy to eat pink saccharised kapok. But they actually are even happier with a Newtown Pippin, and (apart from any effect



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PEGGY STACK

Something went very wrong with a spell, and Curly the gnome found himself stranded in the garden of a friendly family. They made him a home in an old guinea-pig hutch, and their tiny guest brought them many strange adventures. 3 colour plates and 30 line drawings by the author. *10s 6d*

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RIDERS OF THE WIND is the story of Calvi—or Gogol—or Oulé—he has many names. He is a boy plunged into a haphazard journey across Africa in 1678 when the continent belonged to nobody. Like all René Guillot's books, this is a powerful, lyrical piece of writing that will have a strong appeal for young people of ten upwards. *Illustrated by Richard Kennedy* **12s 6d**

TAYA ZINKIN

RISHI is the story of an Indian childhood during the twilight of the British Raj. Taya Zinkin, *Guardian* correspondent in India, has produced one of the outstanding children's books of the year. 'There is throughout the book, a ring of authenticity like the note struck from a piece of good glass' Angela Milne, *John O'London's*. *Illustrated by D. Valentine.* **12s 6d**

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on the digestion) the taste lasts longer. Nothing is more forlorn now than those prettily illustrated volumes of Listen with Mother stories on our shelves, while Ethelbert the Tiger and even Rupert the Bear are still being thumbed to pieces. And I should hope so too. Broink.

MARY SCRUTTON

History With A Dash

Children of the Red King. By MADELEINE POLLAND. *Constable.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Warrior's Moon. By PAUL CAPON. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Viking's Sunset. By HENRY TREECE. *Bodley Head.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Boy with a Golden Louis. By AGNES ASHTON. *Epworth Press.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Aidan and the Strollers. By FREDERICK GRICE. *Cape.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Fifth Testament. By ERNEST A. GRAY. *Bodley Head.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Story of Scotland. By JANET R. GLOVER. *Faber.* 21*s.*

Reign by Reign. By STEPHEN USHERWOOD. *Joseph.* 21*s.*

The way in which these books use history is very different; it is reflected in the characters (and even in the names) of their heroes and heroines. First, two conventional romances. Cormac, King of Connacht, father of Grania and Fergus in *Children of the Red King*, displays the primal virtues of valour and loyalty; but Ireland is being conquered by the Normans, the children are captured by Sir Jocelin de Courcy Rohan, and are gradually won over to the finer loyalties of civilisation; eventually they persuade their outlawed father to accept the suzerainty of the Normans. Arto in *Warriors' Moon* is rather more robust: he and his sister Morva escape from the stone-age village of Sarm when it is invaded and sacked; and, with the help of a loyal giant, an ancient (Greek-trained) wizard, a feckless Welsh princeling and his land-hungry nobles, they return to win back Sarm; but Artor cannot assume the dignity of Pendragon before he has miraculously recovered a sacred sword, proved himself in single combat, and been proclaimed with due ceremony by the tribal remembrancer.

Harald Sigurdson of *Viking's Sunset* is more ferocious: he seeks revenge for the destruction of his village; but he offends the Shield-maiden, and his longship is driven across the north Atlantic, until, after beserk adventures, he joins forces with an Indian tribe of splendid valour; but the chief's son, whose mind has been warped by physical disablement, plots his downfall. Harald stabs him as they hurtle together from a precipice: '"That was a good blow, was it not, Grummoch? Did you ever see a better blow? And all done in the air! Where is Thorfinn? He should make a song about it."'

Two others display a world of soft edges and happy endings. Armand, Agnes Ashton's *Boy with a Golden Louis*, is made prisoner after Trafalgar, but befriended by the governor. He is inveigled by two villainous characters, Coquelicot and Loup-de-mer, to attempt escape, and risks – though not very nearly – death as a result; later he breaks out by himself to escape the injustice of a temporary governor; but in the end he is sent back to France in an exchange of prisoners. Similarly fortunate is the hero of Frederick Grice's *Aidan and the Strollers*. First he has to run away from a fearsome uncle. But his picaresque adventures never bring him into serious danger; even highwaymen can be safely strangled from behind; the nastiest character – grasping actor-manager – suffers nothing worse than a nose-pulling. There are some charming illustrations by William Stobbs.

The Fifth Testament by Ernest A. Gray is altogether unusual. It is told in the person of a British sergeant serving as a vet with the Roman cohorts in Palestine; his patrols through the uneasy territory provide the framework for a series of encounters with the young prophet, Jesus, whose powers are demonstrated as much by his love of animals as by his mind-reading and other miracles. Gradually, in a maze of revolutionary and religious activity, Jesus moves nearer Jerusalem and his death. The dialogue is a little stilted, but the tone never sanctimonious. It is a vivid, imaginative and, above all, intelligent book.

The auld country itself is the heroine of Janet R. Glover's *Story of Scotland*; the narrative is sound, sober and long-winded; Miss Glover is so determined not to be sentimental that she becomes rather dull. In Stephen Underwood's *Reign by Reign* the characters and characteristics of each successive English reign are summarised on a single page, opposite variegated illustrations by Anthony and Geoffrey Harper. Selection, compression and judgment are extreme and bizarre: 'James closely resembled his brother Charles II in looks, but was not so gay and charming.' Children brought up on this book and its pictures are going to have a curiously coloured view of English history.

C. S. BENNETT

Bricks and Mortar

Look at Houses. By JOHN VERNEY. *Hamish Hamilton.* 6*s.* 6*d.*

Looking at Buildings. By CHRISTOPHER TRENT. *Phoenix.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The True Book about Castles. By HENRY TREECE. *Muller.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Going to London. By ANTHONY WEYMOUTH. *Phoenix.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Children's Book of London. By L. G. BULLOCK. *Warne.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

John Verney sets about arousing an interest in architecture the right way, not in fact by looking at houses but by concentrating on how they are built. He begins with men emerging from a cave to pile one stone on top of another, and tells his story with plenty of jokes and a judicious mixture of words and pictures which – as he must be sick of being told – look exactly as if they were drawn by Ardizzone on an off-day. He is sound enough on houses and especially on methods of building, but he must be more careful to get his peripheral facts right too. He is sure to get a flood of letters from pedantic children pointing out his elementary errors about pterodactyls and vacuum-flasks.

Christopher Trent runs no such risk, for he has no use for such dubious aids to learning. The only appetisers in his solid and thorough little history of English architecture (Scotland is relegated to a postscript) are the many excellent photographs taken by the author and his occasional pertinent and out-of-the-way anecdotes. But, alas, he writes in heavy prose and weighs every cliché carefully before committing himself, so that his book is a bit indigestible for any but addicts.

The True Book about Castles is much livelier. Mr Treece does not confine himself to a spectator's-eye-view, but describes not only how, why and where castles were built, but also what it felt (and smelt) like to live in them. Despite the book's name, he is not above a little fictionalised dramatic reconstruction. It's a much less worthy book than *Looking at Buildings*, the pictures are poor, maybe it's even a bit vulgar, but it's much more readable.

There is a similar contrast between *Going to London* (a revised edition of an earlier book in the same series as *Looking at Buildings*, with especially good photographs but much less ponderous prose) and that large, bright, ubiquitous and much more superficial volume, *The Children's Book of London*. *Going to London* is a little indigestible, for it contains many hundreds of small plums of fact to be picked up as the author hops and skips into London's past. *The Children's Book of London* is more attractive if also more vulgar, but only because of the author's very amateurish colour-drawings and maps, with nursery-rhyme heroes and heroines tucked into the margins. The subsidiary illustrations by Cyril Deakins are excellent and marred only by the convention that in front of every building there must be a figure in odd and suitable dress – knights in armour, porters with baskets on their heads, and, oddest of all, outside the British Museum, a scholar in academic dress. Mr Bullock's conducted tour is infinitely more predictable than Mr Weymouth's and is also much simpler and easier to follow – chiefly because he eschews the complications of modern London and makes the most of things like beefeaters, flower-sellers and livery companies.

RICHARD GARNETT

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Our leading children's writer's enormously loved Bell family are back again at last. They're on the move from St. Mark's Vicarage to Crestal New Town **'A racy, topical story** of domestic upsets and thrills.' *Scotsman*

Illustrated by Shirley Hughes 10s 6d

Naomi Mitchison

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Edward Ardizzone was inspired by this superb story to produce some of his finest-ever illustrations. 'Italy during the recent war, and the work of the resistance in a little town seen from the view of three children. **It is a thrilling yet authentic tale.'** *Naomi Lewis* *10s 6d*

Allan Campbell MacLean

MASTER OF MORGANA

An outstanding new story of suspense set on the Isle of Skye. *10s 6d*

Collins

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Junior Round-Up

Science

Gerard Gibbons and Kenneth Jay, authors of *British Nuclear Reactors* (Chatto, 6s 6d), both work at Harwell. Their book is far and away the best among this season's juvenile science (except, of course, for the Macdonald compilation *Science* reviewed on page 689). No talking down here – just clear exposition for ignorant tens to sixties. We start with What is an atom? and end up with the basic How and Why of Dimple, Dido and Zeta, Calder Hall, Dounreay and Hinkley Point. The illustrations are excellent, with a clever and consistent use of colour; they really show us what goes on behind the towers and domes that we have seen in photographs. I hope a revised, up-to-date edition will be published every year.

Max Parrish have produced a book in a deceptively juvenile format (for fives to eights, from the jacket) which would probably be fair reading for a nine- or ten-year-old. *Man-Made Moons* (8s 6d) assumes the reader will know what an electron is and does, and so understand the principles behind solar batteries. But most of Marie Neurath's drawings and explanations are clear: they answer the questions that a bright child will already have asked about Sputniks, Luniks, Explorers and so on. The Bodley Head 'Study Book' *Power* (8s 6d) makes a very good initial impact; colour and lay-out are attractive; the drawings are consistently interesting, but they are let down by a weak text. The companion volume, *Water Supply*, is just consistently dull. The Phoenix House 'Progress of Science Series' (9s 6d each) suffer by their lack of colour: diagrams and photographs are almost too textbook-like. But *The World of Feeling*, by J. D. Carthy, makes the five senses up to eleven with plenty of curious, recently discovered detail. And it is pleasant to read. Charles Marshall's *Communications* is less successful, though it has potentially more exciting material in the techniques and uses of radio and television.

P.H.

Ballet and Theatres

What should be done about these slim volumes of ballet drivel in which the photographs clog a squeezed-out text which seldom rises to the level of good commentary, let alone anything instructive or amusing? As for the hordes of photographers who photograph Fonteyn in an arabesque, Markova in an arabesque, Ulanova in an arabesque, and that coming young ballerina Bessie Bounder in an arabesque, may they be forgiven, but not by me. In the latest batch, *The Royal Ballet on Stage and Screen* (Heinemann, 18s.) has the best photographs. They are taken from Paul Czinner's excellent film of the Royal Ballet and are less tough and more human than most. Indeed, many of the pictures of Margot Fonteyn manage to convey quite a lot of her particular lilting feminine grace. A series brought out by Cassell at 10s. 6d. allows us a day with various dancers. There is *A Day with Alicia Markova, A Day with Yvette Chauviré, A Day with Tallchief and Skibine, A Day with Galina Ulanova*, which latter poses unanswered questions such as 'But what of the woman concealed behind the magic of this name?'

These are books most suitable for ballet-mad girls, though they would find more fun in something like *The Dictionary of Modern Ballet* (Methuen, 36s.), published last year. James Audsley has revised *The Book of Ballet* (Warne, 10s. 6d.), which is one of those hurried surveys of the development of the art. Another children's book which brings off this kind of instruction much better is *The Story of the Theatre* (Black, 9s. 6d.). Here David Male has chosen a mass of illustrations that give a vivid idea of the different kinds of theatrical development in Europe, ending with television. His text is too often facetious, but it also gives a lot of straight information that children will like.

A.F.

Reprints and New Editions

The Blenheim edition of Churchill's *Second World War* is a one-volume narrative, selected for juniors out of the original six by Andrew Scotland (Cassell, 12s. 6d.). In *Sir William and the Wolf and other stories* (Dent, 12s. 6d.) John Hampden has re-told the story of a number of medieval romances, including 'Sir Gawain and the Green Knight'. Sidney Lanier has made a selection of episodes from Malory in *King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table* (Macdonald, 7s. 6d.).

Classics re-issued include Washington Irving's *Rip Van Winkle*, with Rackham illustrations (Heinemann, 30s.); Mrs Molesworth's *The Carved Lions* (Faith Press, 10s. 6d.); Louisa M. Alcott's *Jo's Boys* and Stevenson's *Kidnapped* (Dent, 10s. 6d. each); *Treasure Island, Black Beauty* and *The Swiss Family Robinson* (Macdonald, 7s. 6d. each). Two new Puffins: Kate Seredy's *The Good Master* and Paul Berna's *A Hundred Million Francs* (3s. each).

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OLIVER AND BOYD

REASSESSMENT

Bernal on Science and Society

By W. GREY WALTER

(Dr Grey Walter is Head of the Physiological Department, Burden Neurological Institute, Bristol)

TWENTY-FIVE years ago scientists in the West were not merely second-class citizens, as they still are, but practically outcasts, secure only as remote and ineffectual dons or cogs in the machinery of industrial competition. Very few among them dared to raise their voices as social animals and unique among those few was J. D. Bernal. Known to the vocal and dissentient minority as 'The Sage', he combined the curiosity and skill of an experimental scientist with the scholarship and passion of a trained politician. He was, and still is, the most persuasive, coherent and committed of the small band of fluent writers on science and society that included the Huxleys, Haldane, Hogben, Needham and Blackett. Of all his works in this category, *The Social Function of Science*, published in 1939 and reissued just after the outbreak of war, is the most comprehensive and scholarly. It is a massive treatise of nearly 500 pages, with voluminous appendices containing statistics of scientific activities in the Thirties and surveys of scientific organisations in various countries. These figures are of intense historical interest as numerical reflections of the explosive evolution of scientific socialism; in 1937 there were 842 scientists employed by the three armed services and the total of expenditure on military research was about one and a half million pounds per annum. During the same period the net expenditure of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research was just over half a million pounds and that of the Medical Research Council nearly £200,000. The average salary of the 855 university professors was about £1,000, and at the bottom of the scale young graduates were expected to turn into competent scientists while living on DSIR grants averaging £140 a year. Assuming that inflation would multiply these figures by three, reference to current Defence estimates and salary scales reveals no significant change in the income levels of scientists, a little increase in government sponsored medical research, but a colossal rise in government spending on 'Defence' research and on the number of grants to newly graduated scientists.

The reasons for this change are now obvious in any daily newspaper: it is important that twenty years ago, despite his scientific insight and political acumen, Bernal foresaw neither the scale nor the effects of scientific militarism. 'Atom' does not appear in the index and the reference to 'Nucleus' deals with cellular biology. There is of course no mention of Radar; wireless and television are considered only as hobbies, passive recreations or examples of commercial corruption. Rocket flight, on the other hand, though accepted as an 'apparently hopeless enterprise' is recommended as a subject for research, particularly if 'directed molecular beams, or even better, neutrons could be produced'. The latter suggestion is laconically described in this context as a 'generalised source of concentrated energy' – surely the throw-away line of the century.

In contrast with these misses there are bulls-eyes; the possible value of intelligent and self-regulating calculating machines was fully appreciated, both for the improvement of industrial efficiency and for the liberation of human workers from degrading and monotonous tasks. As a crystallographer, Bernal had personal experience of the frustration and hardship endured by scientists working without intelligent mathematical slaves. The future of transport, too, was seen to include both rocket propulsion and 'supporting and propelling vehicles maintained just above, but not in contact with the ground,' though Bernal suggested electro-magnetic fields for this rather than the system actually developed for the Hovercraft. Automation is clearly envisaged: 'machine must talk to machine without human intervention . . . the total output would be communally determined . . . in line with the development of nervous control in the higher animals and man . . .' The direct comparison of automatic communication and control systems with the nervous system was very advanced for the pre-war years and has since developed into a way of defining general problems of control, sometimes referred to now as 'cybernetics'.

As with most scientists, Bernal's foresight was limited to his own target, fixed by his personal scientific discipline and political allegiance. In the main text, however, the grinding of Marxist axes is heard only faintly; Bernal preferred a rather pedestrian survey of scientific history and sociology to the contortions and affectations he would have needed to toe the Party line. But neither his integrity as a scientist nor his political convictions are left in doubt; for him science is neither a hobby nor a livelihood; it is a vocation, permeating and reinforcing the natural social urges to organisation and equity.

'The scientist may, and indeed must, become a politician, but he will never become a party politician.' This was the era of the Popular Front and Bernal exhorted his contemporaries in all countries to throw their professional skill into the struggle against Fascism, to help ascertain the cause and cure of the existing crisis and establish relations with one another and with governments that would ensure 'collaboration between the forces of Science and Democracy throughout the world'. Such sentiments sound so familiar and commonplace now, that it is hard to realise how heterodox and visionary they seemed when they were written. In 1933, referring to the attitude scientists should adopt to the first Nazi attacks on culture, A. V. Hill wrote in *Nature*: ' . . . scientific people . . . must observe the rules . . . science . . . must refuse to meddle with, or to be dominated by, divinity, morals, politics or rhetoric.' This was the general view of the elder statesmen of science, and their juniors, living within a few pounds of destitution, observed the rules rather than join the several million on the dole. We were well aware of the paradox, but did not dare, could not afford, to risk the effort to resolve it. If we were not to be dominated by politics, how could we avoid meddling; if we meddled how could we avoid acceptance of party dogma; if we accepted dogma, how could we maintain independence? There is still no simple solution, and though the issue has lost none of its gravity with the passage of time, the catastrophes of the last twenty years have not clarified the situation. Bernal referred with satisfaction to the establishment in France of the *Comité de Vigilance des Intellectuels anti-fascistes* within the Popular Front and the creation there of 'a really effective Ministry of Science'. Yet within two years this admirable framework had collapsed before the Nazis in utter ruin and degradation.

History repeats itself, but it is always the unexpected that matters. The worldwide indignation aroused by Mussolini, Hitler, Franco and their thugs consolidated intellectual opinion, but the heat of war and insurrection hatched no phoenix of eternal vigilance, only a few hard-boiled egg-heads. These, finding themselves for the first time deferred to and flattered by politicians and generals, toiled to produce the directed neutron beams that Bernal mentioned so casually, believing their end to be just, while they knew the means would be foul. When their trust was betrayed, as it always is, and the ultimate weapon was aimed at the new enemy they had considered a courageous ally, how few, apart from the notorious traitors, admitted to the conflict of motives and principles! In the West the Popular Front became an extremely unpopular backside, to be kicked by any demagogue who could carry his liquor and face the microphones; in the East the dream of scientific communism turned into a complementary nightmare of nonsense and corruption. Even in Britain, the isle of refuge and moderation, socialists came to distrust scientists in proportion as scientists appreciated the irony of British Socialism under practical test-conditions.

On the national scale scientists have found little to reassure them in the post-war years, but in contrast the worldwide scientific unions, federations and United Nations Organisations have become more than the initials of hope. Despite their early errors and confusions, UNESCO, WHO, FAO, ICSU, CIOMS, IBRO and the rest provide for more than righteous indignation and mutual admiration; it is in them that the scientific spirit of responsibility

The Social Function of Science. By J. D. BERNAL. *Routledge*. 18s.

and creativeness is finding the flesh and metal for positive animation.

The weakness of scientific organisations and social attitudes in the Thirties was they were predominantly *anti*: anti-war, anti-fascist, anti-clerical, even anti-anti-Jewish. That was why Bernal and a few others had and still have some influence, and why this influence was not and is not enough; he accepted, though with some reserve, the positive, creative elements of Marxist doctrine, just as many scientists accept and live by the positive and benevolent features of Christian ethics. But eclectic positivism, to be both satisfying for the individual and effective as a social force, needs a great deal of private thinking and hard work. Many apparently conflicting propositions must be reconciled, historical examples must be re-analysed and interpreted, scientific assertions and social customs must be sifted for the axioms and general principles that a scientist needs to set up a coherent hypothesis on which he can act experimentally. All this means time and leisure and scientists are even busier than most people, particularly in their formative years as students; very few have either the basic education or the surplus intellectual energy to make up their minds on how they can contribute to the solution of major social problems. In consequence they tend either to identify with extremes of political doctrine or to cultivate a cynical indifference. Whichever course they take, their social conscience still troubles them and they often purge their sense of guilt by passionate devotion to their work if they have talents for investigation, to their students if they have a gift for teaching, or to innumerable committees if they have neither. The middle and declining years of the scientist are not notable for effective political maturity, but rather for a vaguely anarchistic intolerance of authority, superstition, prejudice and political tradition. This state of mind is admirable as a basis for a private life of experimentation, learned discussion and local administration, but it does not lead to positive proposals for the reconstitution of society or even for the improvement of the scientist's position and influence in society.

The combination of indifference, splitwittedness and preoccupation with specialised techniques has had the effect of establishing what Bernal called a self-intensifying Gerontocracy of Science. Only the old men of the D.Sc. have the prestige and leisure to ride on the backs of government and industry; even though they think they hold the reins they are ludicrously incapable of directing the cavalcade. Bernal urged and expected a true democratisation and rejuvenation of the control of science, and seeing in Marxist analysis, and even revolution, the best hopes for reform and progress, it was naturally to Soviet Russia that he turned to watch the dawn of reason.

Admitting the existing backwardness of Soviet science at that time, he claimed that 'at last there was one State where the proper function of science is being realised.' Even at that time this claim was numerically justified and events have proved that the relatively vast investment in scientific education in Russia twenty-five years ago has paid the biggest dividends in history, and there has certainly been no ultimate depreciation of the capital value either of the scientific workers or the plant they operate. To be set against this is the history of Stalinist domination and corruption; in spite of Bernal's confidence, the most thorough application of dialectical materialism to scientific organisation did not avert or even abbreviate the rule of scientific terror that ended only with Stalin's natural death. Even today a scientist visiting centres of Soviet research sees clear traces of delinquent authority and scholastic tyranny which are not merely the result of an unsuccessful social experiment. Scientists have not yet found a way to curb the appetite of evil men for power or to persuade good men to assimilate it. In our own country we have avoided so far the extremes of intolerance and exploitation; having now a Minister of Science with a scholarly as well as political background who can speak in the House of Lords of 'two centuries of exciting change' as the most conservative assumption, we can view the future with less melancholic forebodings.

In his conclusion Bernal considers that

> In its endeavour, science is communism . . . In science men collaborate not because they are forced to by superior authority or because they blindly follow some chosen leader, but because they realise that only in this willing collaboration can each man find his goal. Not order, but advice determines action . . . because such advice expresses as near as may be, the inexorable logic of the material world, stubborn fact.

The difficulty is that the 'facts' of today are so often the myths of tomorrow. For many men, science can be a religion but it is the religion not of divine and eternal Truth but of changing and elusive approximations to truth. In a uniform and unchanging world, however complex, many systems and societies could survive in equilibrium. But our world changes, and is changing, more and more rapidly as we gain control over forces that we still do not understand. Classical science was never competent to deal with mutable and heterogeneous systems and we are still struggling against time to discover ways of coping with novelty, even when the novelty is of our own making. Bernal asserted that Karl Marx was the first to suggest how this problem might be solved, and claimed that in dialectical materialism can be found principles whereby it is possible to study systems in which the student is identified with the forces he is studying. There are many, both in Soviet countries and elsewhere, who would still agree with him, but there are others who see in science more than the smug fulfilment of Marxist prophecy, and consider that while the majority thinks it is right and is always wrong, scientists know they are wrong but hope they may be right.

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HEINEMANN

Presidents murdered and unmurdered, that bewilder the European reader. The story is terrifying and chaotic. One has to accept the long tradition of Mexican violence and understand the pride in it. Mr Verissimo has some important pages on the cult of death. For the Indians, he says, death did not mean destruction, but a perennial rejuvenation. The Mayas called new-born infants 'prisoners of life'. A famous poet refers proudly to the national 'facility for dying'. The Mexican 'fears the demonic forces of this world'. Did not Quetzalcoatl, the god destroyed by fire, re-emerge as the planet Venus, precursor of the sun? But one kind of death the modern *mestizo* does fear: 'social death, the horror of not triumphing, of not climbing, of being left in low estate, ignored and nameless'. Clearly, he will easily kill to avoid being the anonymous Indian.

Anyway, the traveller cannot avoid news of death. Coming back from Puebla on the bus, Mr Verissimo overheard a passenger telling a friend about a *caudillo* who had been famous for his shootings of prisoners, his rapes, his robberies, and sackings of towns. He became governor of the province and for a time his lusts were exhausted. But he could not long contain himself and he started out again on general murder. The President of the Republic sent him a firm telegram telling him to respect the law. Afflicted in his honour, the *caudillo* resigned and wired back: 'I resign my post because unfortunately our revolution has degenerated into government'. If Mexico has emerged from its habit of political assassination, assault and violence are continually reported in the press. A nephew quarrels with his uncle about the ownership of an image of Christ on the Cross, and uses the Cross to knock the old man senseless, the reporter adding joyously that 'he bled in torrents'; an eight-year-old boy kills himself playing Russian roulette. The images of religion concentrate on the blood, wounds, tortures of Christ; the Virgin is represented with a sword thrust into her heart. The Catholic traditions of Brazil, like those of non-Spanish Europe, are more gracious, for the sight of blood and pain gives no pleasure there and I wonder if Mr Verissimo is correct in attributing the Mexican taste to the medieval Church's belief in the blessed value of suffering. Is not art of this kind really celebrating the delight in cruelty and the pleasure of inflicting pain on others?

But nothing violent happened to Mr Verissimo in Mexico. His book is a record of hard but extravagantly interesting journeys, of amusing talks with people on the road, of superb landscape and heady sensations. He responds to the dramatic and, it is clear, his Brazilian background helps him into an intimacy the gringo does not easily achieve. If Mexico is too large a subject for most foreign writers, it does not entirely defeat a writer like Mr Verissimo who feels it and can crowd his pages with impressions. He is especially sensitive to small things that are very important to the understanding of the inner quality of life in such a country – for example, that curious sensibility to times of day which appears, incidentally, in the poems of Lorca: the shades of difference between hours in the morning or the afternoon, so that one has moved out of clock-time into something closer to the sighs and breathing of the unmarked responses of living. A great deal may be missing from this effusive book, but it has the value of a committal to an extraordinary country.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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Versions of Memory

King of the Barbareens. By JANET HITCHMAN. *Putnam.* 18*s.*

So Long Ago. By JOSEPH STAMPER. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

Daughters of Divinity. By VERILY ANDERSON. *Hart-Davis.* 16*s.*

From time to time in recent months an afternoon listener might have heard a broadcast sketch of an episode in an orphan childhood, in rural Norfolk, between the wars. Listen to one and you would make a point of catching the next, for the talks had a striking quality. The genuine Norfolk voice, too rarely heard on air or stage, was part of the attraction. But something of east wind and flint had got into the writing too; one remembered, and wished to know more. *King of the Barbareens* is this orphan's story, and a remarkable book it is.

Memory, for most of us, is so much aided by hearsay and narrative that few can be sure what *is* the genuine image. Janet Hitchman, who changed her home so often in early childhood – an absolute break each time – was impelled to pierce into the past and retain what she could find. Her parents died in her infancy; all that she was ever to know of them was their names, also that she herself was born in 1916 and was illegitimate. In her first dozen years she outgrew or wore out a number of foster-parents, until she begged to be put in a home with other girls, and here she was happier. There were lengthy and dreadful interludes at a hospital and a sanatorium, and a curious two-year sojourn – the result of a clerical error – at a private mental home full of senile or wandering ladies. Here at least she was petted for her youth, had a vast range of books to devour, acquired good manners and speech, and learnt as well how to recognise an epileptic fit. Her final move to Dr Barnardo's gave her the beginnings of a higher education – a very new experiment at the time – which she lost through her usual nonconformity. (In an earlier school, when the scholarship exam had come up, this unusually bright 11-year-old had not been allowed to sit. 'Who,' thundered the master, 'do you think is going to keep you until you're sixteen? The over-taxed ratepayer?') This deprivation was the one loss she could never, in later years, accept with calm. At 16, then, we find her packing parcels in London – still in black woollen stockings. There is no fairy-tale ending, but some shocks and surprises yet for the reader of this vivid, astringent and intelligent book.

It is interesting to find that the author of *So Long Ago* did sit – but by mistake – for the grammar school scholarship and practically topped the list. The headmaster punished him for wasting official time and paper, since he knew that he could not afford to take up the place. In Mr Stamper's richly packed and far from rancorous chronicle of a poor family in the Midlands some 70 years ago, this episode is only glanced at. But it does point, like Janet Hitchman's story, to the one incurable wound of the old pre-Welfare days. Lack of food or toys or even love can be put behind you – too much of these things is often as bad as too little – but the denial of further education to those who wanted it meant also the killing of any later chance of a satisfying professional life. Unsuitable work causes more frustration than unsuitable marriage, or none. Books such as these should be put before the writers of those weird laments that appear from time to time in the *Guardian* from married women complaining that they had to go through a university course.

Mr Stamper came from a warm and affectionate home; his parents were not only kind but had flashes of imagination that show again in their son. It was not a time in which imagination was approved of in the poor; Mr Stamper tells an astonishing tale of a librarian who refused to issue him a scientific book on trees, as, presumably, it was above his mental station. He handed him instead a child's primer on the subject. Mr Stamper was then an adult – out-of-work, to be sure, but himself an author of two books. *So Long Ago* is a reminder of these attitudes, as well as of the dancing bear and the hurdy-gurdy man, the gallery queue when times were good, the market shopping at midnight. It also takes in the ingenious ways of living and dying when there was no unemployment insurance, little work, and no free medical attention. Recording a world on the near edge of Mayhew's England, *So Long Ago,* is, in its way, a valuable document.

Out of the pages of *Daughters of Divinity* rises a personality, with no inhibitions, endless stamina and the engaging assurance that comes from having near relations who are not only generous and sunny tempered but also admired, attractive and socially unimpeachable. Anyhow, this is a splendid account of the flower of English girlhood at boarding school, under a headmistress who looked and behaved like a magnified version of Queen Mary, with the added verve of certain Edwardian inflections. The author was taken – nay, swept – into the school because her insanely pre-Raphaelite hair exactly fitted a certain rôle in the forth-

coming Christmas play. 'Though,' as the headmistress magnanimously observed, 'as you well know, most of our girlies' families are either titled or in some way heinously rich.' There was a rarely-given Lily Badge 'for purity and public spirit', but never to a girly – be she senior prefect, titled, and captain of all games – if she did not hunt. 'You people who don't hunt,' observed a prefect to our author, 'haven't enough spiritual outlet.' The author did her best to find a few such outlets, nevertheless; and what with her violin lessons, her appearance at a fancy dress occasion as an Ancient Briton in woad, she offers one of the most exhilarating glimpses into a girls' boarding school than I can remember, in or out of fiction.

NAOMI LEWIS

The World Surveyed

Neither War nor Peace. BY HUGH SETON-WATSON. *Methuen.* 36*s.*

Hugh Seton-Watson is a modern Encylopaedist. Once he was content to know everything about the Balkans. Now he aspires to know everything about everything. His new book is both a history of the world since 1945 and an analysis of the forces which are swaying men's minds. The effect is rather like a tour round a museum, conducted by a devoted curator who is determined to show his every treasure. The visitor may want to select the outstanding pieces. The curator does not spare him: he must see each item. We expect to be told about Russia or China or the United States. But that is not enough. We have too a page or so on the situation in Honduras. We must master the politics of Siam. We are not allowed to neglect the present state of the Red Indians. And always there is a remorseless Tramp, Tramp, as we move from one show-case to the next. Our minds reel. We are exhausted. Of course, all this is going on in the world. But who cares? Must we really know what is happening in Madagascar? Professor Seton-Watson answers firmly: 'Yes, we must'. If anyone wishes to know, it is all here.

But what about the pattern, the general shape underlying this cornucopia of events? Professor Seton-Watson wants to tell us about that also. But his answers are less confident. In his central section of analysis, he is thinking aloud – devising ideas to see how they work out, and not arriving at a clear result. We are supposed to be living in a revolutionary age. But who makes these revolutions? The workers? the peasants? or the intellectuals? or perhaps an organised conspiracy called Communism? Professor Seton-Watson jots down notes for an answer, and leaves it at that. He is strong on Communism. He is certain that the Communists are out to dominate the world. How does he know? Because they say so. But they also say that they want to do it by peaceful competition. Why does he not believe them just as much when they say this? Because he does not choose. Of course Communists talk big like everyone else. But, judged by their actions, they have not done much world-conquering in the last ten years; it looks very much as though they only want to be left alone.

Cutting across this pattern, Professor Seton-Watson sees another: the rise of nationalism in Africa and Asia directed against the European peoples. He writes portentously: 'it is unlikely that the British people would passively accept the butchery of its kinsmen by black racialists, should that time ever come.

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It is as well that this should be understood beforehand'. But then he is portentous about most things. He is much given to laying down what ought to have been done in various situations: how the Western Powers ought to have behaved at the time of Suez, what should be their policy towards 'the underdeveloped', how they should behave in Latin America or Indonesia. Unfortunately statesmen have not taken much of his advice; and the book ends 'with a prayer for the political leaders of the democracies, that they may find greater wisdom and courage than they have shown in the last fourteen years'. This is a sad conclusion.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

New Novels

Malcolm. By JAMES PURDY. *Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*

Angelo. By JEAN GIONO. *Owen.* 15*s.*

The Greater Infortune. By RAYNER HEPPENSTALL. *Owen.* 15*s.*

When the Kissing Had to Stop. By CONSTANTINE FITZ GIBBON. *Cassell.* 16*s.*

I have to plead preliminary allergy to James Purdy's fantasies. I could see that *63: Dream Palace* had got something in its mystery box, or womb, though it seemed to me more like a stillborn zombie rather than a growing inspiration. I failed altogether to connect with *Colour of Darkness.* Now comes his comic novel, *Malcolm,* heralded by three trumpets voluntary. Mrs Dorothy Parker says it is 'the most prodigiously funny book to streak across these heavy hanging times.' Mr David Daiches calls it 'original comic invention . . . nothing like it in modern fiction.' Dame Edith Sitwell is 'convinced that in the future Mr Purdy will be known as one of the greatest writers in America during the last hundred years.'

It reads to me like a pleasant piece of coruscating high Bohemian yet specifically American camp, highly literate too, of course, with affinities across the spiral from the Nineties via *Nightwood* and the Twenties. It is a semi-fantastic picaresque fable, sequined with those fine allegorical symbolical fish that I can only just glimpse as they slip through my coarse-meshed net. It's about a golden father-questing fourteen-year-old boy innocent, almost at times a dumb-blonde bi-sexual equivalent. He has encounters with a group of very odd characters who soon begin revolving round his little sun. First there is Mr Cox 'who was the most famous astrologer of his period, and also the greatest walker – it is said that he often covered forty miles in one day in fine weather.' This may not seem prodigiously funny when you read it on the first page, but if you read it the second time, knowing more about Mr Cox, it suggests that he did all the walking trying to pick people up. There is Estel Blanc, the Abyssinian undertaker, who wears 'a somewhat long puce jacket with real diamond buttons'; Kermit Raphaelson, a midget painter; Mme Girard, a heavy drinking tragic *grande dame* who gets knocked out rather suddenly at a party; Jerome, a burglar, and many more, culminating in Gus, the motor-cyclist, who has to take Malcolm to the tattooist and the brothel 'to mature him up' before his marriage to the nymphomaniacal singer, Melba. In spite of his armour of innocence, Malcolm dies before – I think – even reaching his fifteenth birthday; diagnosis – incorrect though – alcoholism and sexual hyperaesthesia. My own conviction is that the farce, fantasy, and realism do not really quite blend, and that, though often entertaining, it is too often just a bit too silly to be a really good book; but Mr Purdy's wistful phosphorus match does not strike on my old fashioned sulphur box.

Angelo turns out to be the first part of *Le Hussard sur le Toit,* M. Giono's exercise in the manner and period of Stendhal. It shows Angelo, the dashing young colonel, modelled on Fabrice, illegitimate son of a Duchess, settling in Aix-en-Provence and meeting Pauline before the cholera epidemic. His adventures include a rather good anti-liaison with an actress and a contretemps over an egg with a portrait of Napoleon on its shell. (This was founded on one of a collection of *faits divers* made by Stendhal from contemporary newspapers. The gendarmerie arrested the poultry woman, her husband, the hen, and the egg.) Close as pastiche though the resemblance to Stendhal often is, M. Giono's romantic mystical temperament breaks through at times in flourishes that almost suggest the master's *bête noire,* Chateaubriand. But this is a charming and spirited adventure, fresher, and great deal shorter, than the novel for which it served as the preliminary sketch.

Mr Heppenstall's story has an even more elaborate pre-history. Most of it appeared in a limited edition in 1943 under the title of *Saturnine.* The last chapter is taken from another novel altogether called *The Lesser Infortune,* published in 1953. It stands up very straight and integrated on its own feet. It is what one might call an *avant garde* or case-history picaresque. Its hero, Leckie, could easily be a descendant of the historian of European morals. He is the familiar guilt-wracked modern porcupine-like psychopath (non-malignant) for whom nothing goes quite right. It begins abruptly in 1938 when Leckie has just finished his brief business career and is more or less bankrupt and not very well. Pitched back into a London Bohemian environment, he oscillates between some rather interesting mystical states and carefully described personal relationships and one or two erotic adventures before and during the phoney war, a difficult period which Mr Heppenstall recaptures with meticulously perfect accuracy. The last we see of him he has re-united with his wife, Alison, who has had a baby, and just been called up to join a unit in northern Ireland. His chronicle was worth republishing; one hopes it stimulates Mr Heppenstall into a new bout of creation.

Students of Mr Fitz Gibbon's recent form as a publicist will not be so surprised at *When the Kissing Had to Stop.* This is a politico-diplomatic fantasy of the near future, intended, perfectly seriously, I am sure, as a dire warning to bomb-banners, neutralists, and all shades of peace-mongers. A left Labour government gets in with an overwhelming majority on a ban-the-bomb platform. A Far Eastern incident distracts American attention at a critical moment. Hordes of Russian inspection troops take advantage of the treacherous Foreign Secretary's compliance, and in next to no time we are a Russian colony and half the population of the island has been deported to Siberia. To heighten the apocalyptic note, selected present-day tendencies have become exaggerated. The London police have become entirely corrupt; the tarts are back on the streets in droves and Hyde Park has become a huge roofless brothel. Savage Notting Hill type race riots break out all over the place. The narrative focus gets a bit diffused and the invention is sometimes rather laboured. But parts of it are entertaining and its symptomatic value is considerable.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Saint Helena

The Last Years of Napoleon. By RALPH KORNGOLD. *Gollancz.* 25*s.*

The British Government's treatment of Napoleon during his captivity on the island of St Helena has been universally condemned as mean, unchivalrous and deplorable. But ever since the fallen Emperor wrote in his will that he had been 'murdered by the English oligarchy and its hired assassin', the subject has roused such intense patriotic feeling on both sides of the Channel that even at this distance of time it is a ticklish business to try to sort out the actual rights and wrongs of those last six inglorious years of Napoleon's life. There has never been any shortage of information about what went on at St Helena. Every Frenchman in attendance on the Emperor, and almost every Englishman who caught sight of him on the island, hurried off to get their personal reminiscences into print – all except Sir Hudson Lowe himself, the arch-villain or mere instrument of cruel fate or whatever he was, who stayed mum to the end of his long, discredited career.

In telling once more this pathetic story – for the behaviour of an Emperor in a cage is even more pathetic than that of a tiger – Mr Korngold has used all these eye-witnesses and has been able to add a few more details from the shorthand journal of Marsha[illegible]Bertrand, which was only published a few years ago in France in its entirety. As an American, and therefore qualified to be neutral umpire in the Anglo-French controversy, he takes Napoleon's side. (He even thinks it rather a shame that he did not win the battle of Water-

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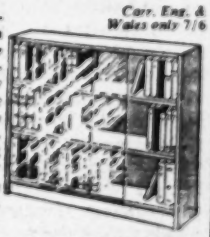

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Are women fools?

THE WORDS are not meant to be insulting, but simply to put in the shortest possible form a question that might occur to a visitor from another planet where things were done differently—some world with six sexes perhaps or with none.

Women, such a visitor would observe, let their world be run by men. And he might very well conclude that this is because they are incompetent to run it themselves.

For us it is difficult to look at this arrangement dispassionately. It is a very ancient one; and freedom and education for women do not seem to have disturbed it much.

Are women really "inferior"? Are *educated* women less effective, as M.P.'s for instance, than their simpler, more intuitive sisters? And the trash girls read—why do most women *choose* such an insipid mental diet?

Low though male standards can go, generally speaking, the most trivial of all books, magazines, advertisements, T.V. programmes and other entertainments seem to be those produced specifically for females. Women (and children) have special pages in newspapers. Men, by common consent, have the rest.

Yet they read The Observer

Presumably this is what women like. But the readership of *The Observer* has actually rather more women readers than men—and young women, too—in this being exceptional among serious newspapers.

True, *The Observer* has its women's pages . . . but these are unusual also in that they deal with fashion and home affairs in a highly critical way. Moreover, famous as Alison Settle and Patience Gray may be, and valuable (e.g.) the consumer-goods research of Elizabeth Gundry and Eirlys Roberts, they cannot be the only attractions.

Is there then, in *The Observer's* pages, more common ground for intelligent, responsible, unprejudiced *people*, more truly human interest, than in other papers? Well, that might be. Women who don't accept a state of permanent male patronage could investigate this next Sunday.

J.B.L.

loo!) And, up to a point, one is glad to agree with this decision. Gaolers are an unloved lot anyhow; and Sir Hudson Lowe made himself quite unlovable. His orders from London were harsh, and he interpreted them more harshly still. A 'damned fool' Wellington had called him, when he dispensed with Lowe's services as quartermaster-general before Waterloo. Mr Korngold has called in the Professor of Neurology at Northwestern University for a second opinion: 'Sir Hudson suffered from a neurotic personality disturbance of the obsessive-compulsive variety'. Yet the Duke's diagnosis may still be preferred. Was Napoleon murdered by the unhealthy climate of St Helena? Mr Korngold produces evidence that the death-rate in the English garrison there was extremely high, and that the general water supply was contaminated and encouraged liver disease. But Napoleon, although his liver was enlarged, died from a different cause; either cancer of the pylorus, the official version, or a perforated stomach ulcer, as Mr Korngold is inclined to fancy on a review of the post-mortem, attributing it to the irritating behaviour of Sir Hudson Lowe. The symptoms of illness before death, however, do not support the ulcer theory.

Mr Korngold has so many eye-witnesses at his disposal that he can give a vivid, almost day by day, account of prison life on the island, from which no one comes out well. The English went in for spying, time-serving and hypocrisy; the French for smuggling, squabbling and jealousy. Napoleon himself could be charming or detestable at will; his character was neither improved nor impaired by adversity. Humanity was revenged on the great war-lord of Europe when he ended his life cooped up like an angry child at the mercy of a damned fool.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Week-end Competition

No. 1,576 **Set by Peter Pimlico**

'A damn great place like this, attracting hundreds of thousands of tourists a year – you'd think they'd build a Gents!' The tourist season having now begun, the usual prizes are offered for the best set of three home-thoughts from abroad. Entries by 17 May.

Result of No. 1,573 Set by Allan M. Laing

A researching horticulturist has recently announced that plants are sentient beings, and suffer the pains of dissolution in much the same way as human kind. Competitors are invited to compose a threnody on a Dying Plant, Flower or Vegetable, in not more than 16 lines.

Report

The terms of this competition plainly laid emphasis on the assumption that plants and flowers suffered in dying in much the same way as human beings; yet a good proportion of competitors virtually ignored this, and simply bewailed their death. I should like, therefore, to assure the writers of excellent but unsuccessful entries that I thoroughly appreciated their poetry, their humour or their ingenuity, however much I felt that in this instance it was misapplied. A first reading left me with 19 entries, all of which were of prizewinning standard; but in one way or another I cut the number down to four. Prize money to be divided between Patricia Hodgson, Gloria Prince, Doris Pulsford, and L. G. Udall. Runners-up were Timothy Rogers, R. A. McKenzie, J. A. Lindon, G. J. Blundell, W. G. Daish, H. A. C. Evans, R. Kennard Davis, Barbara Roe, Stanley J. Sharples, F.C.C., D. R. Peddy, Francis Drake, Vera Telfer, Nancy Gunter and P.M.

FOR A RED CABBAGE DYING OF DROUGHT AND THE FULLNESS OF DAYS

There were proud days and days of youth,
Days when leaves stretched up to worship the sun,
Days of brave innocence touching in their ardour,
Vernal days before the treachery of the white butterfly was known.
Long, long days drinking the earth's juices and the rain,
Moonfilled nights of dew and vigorous growing scents,
Suddenly gone, all over, passed: now no more
To feel the sunlight on the leaf: the sharp ache in the shrinking veins,
The boring caterpillar, ravaging leaf-cutter bee
O heavy burden seed head
Bending over the parched weedless bed drought scourged roots feeling in vain for water.
O better by far to be pickled in the prime,
Preserved in vinegar purple in brine,
Than to die in summer anguish riddled in heat,
Distilling a faint late summer cabbagy smell
Beside the inexorable patient compost heap.

PATRICIA HODGSON

MIMOSA AFFLICTA

What, lying, Mimosa?
What, dying, Mimosa?
Your bipennate leaves hanging limp—
Our cocker-pup knocked you and shocked you, Mimosa?
The imp!
He larked, poor Mimosa?
And barked, poor Mimosa?
What pain to a sensitive plant!
Great Gardener tend you and mend you, Mimosa—
I can't.
Naught serves, poor Mimosa;
Your nerves, poor Mimosa,
Have suffered a fatal collapse.
No hope! You must lie there and die there, Mimosa,
Next life to enact as a cactus, Mimosa,
Perhaps!

GLORIA PRINCE

DIRGE FOR THE DANDELION

O piteous sun,
Torn from thine emerald sky,
Thy shrinking rays grow darker, one by one!
Bare roots, like entrails, twitch in agony,
Toothed leaves decay,
And from cracked stem thy milk-blood leaks away.
Nor more from thee
Shall puffing children learn the time of day!
Few weep to see thee pass:
Though toddling infants crowed
To snatch thy golden mintage from the grass;
And, with a happier end, thou might'st have glowed
In cottage cup
As golden vintage; or made leafy sup
In poor abode.
Alas, as wretched weed they pulled thee up!

DORIS PULSFORD

THE DYING LEEK

Gently now,
Do you move his pale root
That his sad leafy head
Now tinged with that accurséd brown,
May tremble in the night breeze
To the mountains he loved.
Ah, who was it suggested a cloche?
That it was kept out the strength
He should have drawn from the keen air.
Deadly the sun was piercing the clear glass.
Now the unfamiliar cold blast has him,
Withered his green crown. His fathers
Braved all weathers, Aye and so would he
Had he been let. He would have been
The finest leek ever,
Between Builth and Bhenau Festiniog.

L. G. UDALL

City Lights

New Bottles for Old Wine

The day came. Special deposits were duly called for, hire purchase regulations were duly imposed; and the City, which had been anxiously anticipating just these measures – had half provoked them, in fact, by the excess of its anticipation – was quite uncertain what to make of them. The first reaction (somebody had to be first) was relief that a dreary wait was over, blossoming on the realisation that the Chancellor's dose was smaller than expected. Now the fear is that another dose may be on the way.

* * *

The system of special deposits which the Treasury has rescued from the abortionist looks pathetically misshapen at the moment. Grandma conceived the child under orders a couple of years ago when the last credit squeeze was brought to an end and it was decided to end simultaneously the unpopular and inefficient system of 'requests' to the banks. There were a good many different ideas at work in this decision – that it was no longer fair to interfere directly in the everyday business of the banks and obstruct competition between them; that some more sensitive and effective system of control was needed; that it was a monetary solecism to concentrate control over the banks exclusively on their advances; that other countries had successfully introduced new methods; and so on. It soon became clear, however, that there were difficulties in the British monetary system which no ordinary new-fangled device could obviate. Even if it were desirable to allow the banks, within limits, to conduct their business as they pleased, the limits had still to be narrowly set: if the government wished credit to be given to this rather than that, the banks had to toe the government line however much more profitable that might be than this. The gilt-edged market, though perhaps of no great economic interest, was of some importance to those who had to balance the government's books, and anything which seemed to encourage the banks to sell as they pleased was bound to cause trouble. Any device designed to restrict credit promptly and efficiently was likely to hurt and disrupt, more violently, probably, than the inefficient squeezes of the past. And finally, impalpable but pervasive, there was the uncertainty of Grandma's position. The Treasury, so the letter of the nationalisation act runs, can give instructions to Grandma and Grandma can give instructions to the banks, but there is no means by which the Treasury can instruct the banks directly; this half-accidental gap has been widened and formalised over the past 14 years into an essential part of Grandma's idea of her own independence and one which everyone nervously respects. If the Treasury, then, insist on a more efficient means of controlling the banks, Grandma would reluctantly agree to do the controlling herself and in her own way – a way, if she was to maintain the amicable authority over the banks of which she makes so much and on which she is so dependent, that would leave to the banks a little elbow-room and to her the power which the exercise of discretion confers.

The new-fangled device she picked on is inevitably a muzzy compromise. The banks are not to be told directly to limit the ratio of advances to deposits, nor even are their excess liquid assets to be frozen by varying the minimum permitted ratio of liquid assets to deposits. Instead, Grandma will call on them when necessary to deposit in cold storage with her some part of the liquid assets on which their ability to lend depends; not only will she herself do the actual calling, but she will retain a valuable discretion to release or not release part of these special deposits in an emergency and to give a bank either the market price or something lower when it tries to finance its special deposit by selling gilt-edged. The fact that the Treasury has now insisted on the introduction of the new system is partly the fault of the banks, whose competitive zeal has recently caused them to take less notice of Grandma's warning hints than in the past; but Grandma, to keep them sweet at a time when they are beginning to question the advantage they gain from her go-betweening, has managed to have the new system introduced on a ridiculously easy basis – a couple of dare-devils have deliberately run down their liquidity in advance to the point where they can now blackmail her into taking even more of their gilt-edged. The significant point, however, is that the banks, under the new system as under the old, will be left to interpret into practice the government's mind about credit policy by the light of their branch managers' commonsense, with the threat of a disapproving rap on the knuckles if they should interpret wrongly. The main flaw in the old system of 'requests' was that Grandma kept it deliberately vague, annoying the banks by leaving them to guess what was wanted and the Treasury by failing to achieve results. The new system is not essentially different: it will work better only if the Treasury feels that it can now press on the banks harder and more directly.

TAURUS

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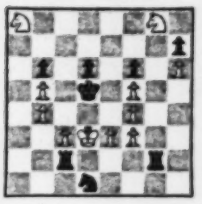
NS

The Chess Board

No. 547.—Sucker's Snook

Well, for once it wasn't really a sucker; it was a famous problemist cocking a snook at an equally famous grandmaster who used to exasperate his customary flock of admiring suckers by beating them in spite of quite incalculable odds. He would give them not merely a move or two but as many as they could make in five minutes, the only condition being that they mustn't deploy their pawns and pieces beyond their fourth rank. In spite of having to make up for so grievous a disadvantage in development the master invariably managed to win, but once upon a time he happened to face a problemist who took a mere 16 moves (and rather less than the allotted five minutes) to build up this position. The master had a good look at it and, forthwith, resigned with as good grace as he could muster. I took this from *Kurioses Schach* (Walter Rau Verlag, Düsseldorf) by *Dr Karl Fabel*, one of the greatest authorities on "retro-analysis", fairy-chess and other oddities. Since the great T. R. Dawson's death Fabel may well be the leading exponent for the addicts of that type of problem, and his new booklet contains a neat collection of all sorts of them. Here's one by the author: /B1ktIktIKR/1r5B/6R1/2b1p1p1/2P1k1P1 / 1p2P2p / 1P2P2P / 3Kt1Kt2/. White to move and *not* to mate! Well, obviously almost every one of White's leads to immediate mate, every one except R-QB6. The same idea is served by **A** which is easy enough to provide our 4-pointer for beginners. It is obvious that either P-K4 or any one of White's available four Kt-moves would force immediate mate; but White doesn't wish to win, he wants to force a draw instead. How can he do it in four moves? It goes without saying that sui-mates are not neglected in this book, and since I like to proselytize in that fertile field, here's a particularly easy specimen, pretty enough to gain new addicts. It was composed by W. A. Shinkman in 1880. /8/3Q4/8/3b4/1R3R2/3k4/3p4/3K4/. White plays (1) Q-Q6, and now, just according to Black's . . . K-B6 or . . . K-K6, White forces sui-mate by R-B3 or R-Kt3 respectively. Shinkman, of course, was one of the greatest of all sui-mate composers.

A: Karl Fabel 1951



For 6 ladder-points **B** is a draw, very pretty and not too difficult either: and after all those flippancies **C**, a win, provides the more solid meat of an honest end game study, so as not to disappoint our more seriously-minded competitors. It's no bargain for 7 points, so here's a helpful little hint. After much cut and thrust on both sides Black seems almost sure of equalising when White forces the issue by a surprising and very pretty mate.

B: A. Kraemer & W.v. Holzhausen, 1930: /1K6/1P6/1kP5/3P4 4P3 5P2 1p4P1 6b1/.

C: S. M. Birnov: /8 1r2P3 2k5 24 3Kt2R1/K2Br3/.

Usual prizes. Entries by May 16.

REPORT on No. 544. Set 16 April

A: Key: K-K2.

B: One of the Black pieces or pawns being redundant, remove any of the eleven and mate at once.

C: (1) Kt-KB3; (2) Kt-Kt5; (3) Kt-K6; (4) KtxB; (5) RxKt; (6) R-R1; (7) Kt-B3; (8) Kt-R4; (9) Kt-Kt6; (10) KtxB, (11) RxKt; (12) R-R1; (Black copying every move).

D: (1) QKtP = B, K-R5; (2) RP = Q ch, K-Kt4. (3) KtP = R ch, K-B4; (4) P = Kt, and Black is forced to move the P and mate

E: (1) R-B3 ch, K-Kt7; (2) R-QKt3, Kt(7)-B6 ch; (3) K-B1, RxKt; (4) R-Kt2 ch, K any; (5) R-QR2!!, KtxR ch ! RxR stalemates!; (6) K-Kt2, etc.

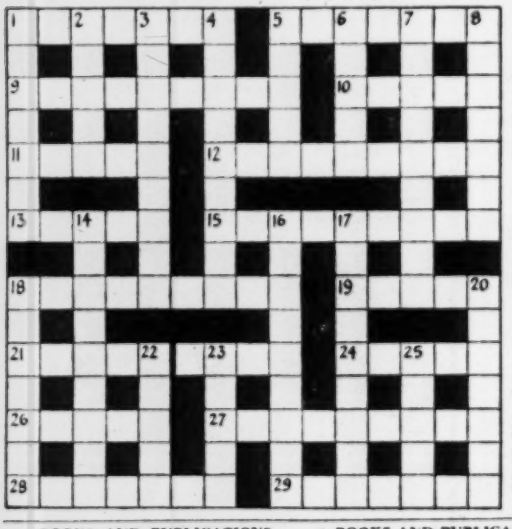
F: (1) Kt-B6! PxKt (forced); (2) Kt-Kt6, P-B6; (3) Kt-K5, P-B7; (4) Kt-Q3, P = Q; (5) Kt-Kt2!, etc

Many correct solutions. Many bouquets for **E** and/or **F**. Prizes: R. C. Chaturvedi. J. W. Ecelson. E. T. O. Slater, B. Tunks, M. B. Yeats.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 404

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 404, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 17 May.



ACROSS

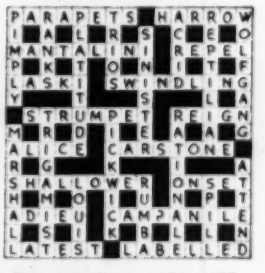
1. A degree difficult for a dog (7).
5. A request for help without string brings comfort (7).
9. Sally holding a limb—how divine! (9).
10. Material unearthed backwards (5).
11. River with a high mark (5).
12. Is pressed in a disturbance and scatters (9).
13. Star with nothing behind her clothes (5).
15. And one a man is about to exclude (9).
18. Exists in Germany among the workers for the government (9).
19. Files which finish with poisoners (5).
21. Food which may produce a labour storm (5, 4).
24. The girl for the heath (5).
26. A sign to know (5).
27. Very wicked but performed in an ensemble (9).
28. Resentment when gone to pieces after a flop (7).
29. Constraint in which one endures separations (7).

DOWN

1. In the cup Matthews is a fighter (7).
2. Divides up as a means of punishment (5).
3. To mar it is peculiarly for the uninventive (9).
4. Bird for army rations? (9).
5. 'The —— of godlike power are in us still' (Arnold) (5).
6. Residence for an American (5).
7. When coy nurses change they become centres of attention (9).
8. The instrument exists in different names (7).
14. Tortured about the answer, searched thoroughly (9).
16. Hurry and get on what is in front of the driver (9).
17. For the hotel employee trade is about to finish (9).
18. Deserved, but go slow if the reward is missing (7).
20. The bandage makes Bob walk awkwardly (7).
22. It may be past but it begins in ten seconds (5).
23. Violently as an ocean (5).
25. Appleby's creator (5)

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 402



PARAPETS HARROW
IAL RS CEO
MANTALINI REPEL
P KT ON IT F
LASKI SWINDLING
Y T S L A
STRUMPET REIGN
M R D I E A A G
ALICE CARSTONE
R G K I A
SHALLOWER ONSET
H M O I U N P T
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LATEST LABELLED

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 402

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

CONTENTS of May Plebs: 'Ernest Bevin and His Times'; 'The New Factory Act'; 'Try Your Hand'; 'Nationalisation – Success or Flop'; 'Sam Thompson – NCLC Playwright'; 'Socialism in Asia'; 'Trouble Spots in Africa'; 'This Wicked World'; New Books; 'Marxism and Darwinism VII'; 'The AEU Tops the Million'; 'The Cockpit'; NCLC News; Plebs is 6d., by post 8d., or 7s. 6d., a year.

LABOUR Monthly. Black and White: R. Palme Dutt on S. Africa; Forbid The Banns: Bert Ramelson discusses Clause 4 compromise; Shostakovitch, review by Alan Bush. 1s. 6d. or 9s. half-yearly. Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

'THE Linguist', the language monthly for experts, amateurs and intelligent beginners, contains 'Typical Conversations' in seven languages, including Russian, 'Translator's Commentaries', Pages for Practice, etc. £1 yearly. Specimen copy 1s. 6d. from 'The Linguist', 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1.

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SOCIALISM, econs, politics, USSR; we buy books, pamps, jrnls; any lang. Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

QUALITY American paperbacks. All subjects. Lists from Dept 2, Trans Atlantic Book Serv. Ltd, 45 Neal St, WC2.

GERMAN books bought & sold: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

'WHICH?' reports are impartial and factual, based on independent tests. 'Which?' is published monthly by the Consumers' Association on annual subscription only £1 to Dept 6, 333 High Holborn, WC1.

'NUDES of Jean Straker' – leaflet 6d. Visual Arts Club, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

A. & N. The Army and Navy Stores' Library Service provides the latest books reviewed and advertised in these columns promptly and at reasonable charges. Free prospectus from Army & Navy Stores, Westminster, SW1.

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Commencing salaries will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. Further information (including details of special requirements for some of the posts) and the summary forms which must accompany an application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, with whom two copies of each application must also be lodged.

Applications close, in Australia and London, on 15 June 1960.

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Applications (three copies), together with the names of three referees, should be sent not later than 31 May 1960, to the Registrar, The University, Edgbaston, Birmingham, 15, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

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Further particulars and application forms obtainable from THE PRINCIPAL, Moray House College of Education, Holyrood Road, Edinburgh, 8. The completed application forms should be returned not later than 16 May.

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St John's Hospital, Stone, Aylesbury, Bucks.

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SHORTHAND-typist required at once for YWCA. Interesting work in connection with Clubs and Programme. Central London. No Sats. Good holidays. Box 4283.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Music Talks Producer (Sound Broadcasting). Duties include promoting and producing talks, chiefly in Third Programme, on music and related subjects, including talks with musical illustrations and attending auditions and concerts and reporting thereon. Wide knowledge and sound judgment of musical standards and taste essential, also acquaintance with history of music, understanding of trends and personalities in the world of music today, organising ability, imagination and skill in the use of words. Professional training in music although not essential may be the deciding factor. Salary £1,545 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,970 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.200 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong. Lectureship in History. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post. Applicants should have a special interest in some branch of East Asian History since C. 1500 (China/Japan/South-east Asia), and be prepared at the same time to assist in general courses on Western History. Annual salary (superannuable) is £1,575 × 50 – £2,175 for a man or £1,200 × 40 – £1,680 for a woman. There is also an expatriation allowance of £225 a year if applicable. Income tax in the Colony is comparatively low. First class sea passages are provided for expatriate staff and their families on first appointment and leaves. Accommodation at reasonable rental is provided for those receiving expatriation allowance. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Hong Kong and London, on 31 May 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, New Zealand. Applications are invited for the following appointments: Lecturer in Political Science: in the Department of History and Political Science. Applicants should have an Honours degree. A special interest in the comparative study of political institutions or the analysis of political society is desirable but not essential. Lecturer in Economics: Applicants should have an Honours degree in Economics or a comparable degree. An interest in Mathematical Economics will be appreciated, but is not a condition for appointment. The salary for a Lecturer is at the rate of £1,250 per annum rising by annual increments of £75 to £1,700 per annum. Approved fares to Christchurch will be allowed for the appointee, his wife and children; in addition actual removal expenses within specified limits will be paid. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 31 May 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. Lecturer in German. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in German in the Department of Modern Languages of the University of Otago. Salary range: £1,250-£1,700. Further particulars are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1 or from the Registrar, the University of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 15 June 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town. Lectureship in Design. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Design at the Michaelis School of Fine Art. Applicants should have a good knowledge of the principles and practice of design as related to decoration, craft and industrial processes. The salary scale is £1,340 × 60 – 1,760 p.a. Applications (with copies of testimonials) should state age, qualifications, experience, research and practical work (with photographs, if possible) completed or in progress and give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application must be sent to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1 (from whom memoranda giving the general conditions of appointment and further information about the work of the department should be obtained) not later than 30 June 1960. A third copy must be sent direct by airmail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, C.P., South Africa, to reach him by the same date. The University reserves the right to appoint a person other than one of the applicants or to make no appointment.

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. Lecturer in Economics within the Department of External Studies. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. Applicants should have an Honours degree in Economics or equivalent qualifications. Salary £A1,540/£A2,040 per annum. Further particulars are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 31 May 1960.

HOUSEMOTHER for friendly home for maladjusted children, wanted in September. Experience useful, equable temperament essential. Box 4405.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg. Lecturer in Department of German. Applications are invited for appointment to the above post. Duties to be assumed on 1 January 1961, or as soon as possible thereafter. The salary will be according to the scale £1,230 × 60 – 1,710. A commencing salary above the minimum notch may be paid on the grounds of special qualifications or experience. In addition, the University is at present authorised to pay an annual vacation savings bonus of up to £60 in September each year. Membership of the University Institutions Provident Fund is compulsory, and membership of the University Staff Medical Aid Fund is compulsory in the case of an officer who is found eligible in terms of the rules. Intending applicants are advised to obtain a copy of the Information Sheet relating to this vacancy from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in South Africa and London, on 15 June 1960.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Lecturer in Asian Studies. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post. Applicants should have specialised in either the Economic or the Political problems of Asia and should be prepared to lecture in both these fields. The salary will be £1,250 rising by annual increments to £1,700 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. Approved fares to Wellington will be allowed for the appointee, his wife and children together with actual removal expenses within certain limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Sq., London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 30 June 1960.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in History. Candidates should have special qualifications and interests in medieval history. Salary scale (at present under review) £700 to £850 per annum with membership of the FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 21 May 1960 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

HEMEL Hempstead Development Corporation. Applications are invited for temporary appointment in Department concerned with research, public relations and community development. University Degree, preferably in one of the Social Sciences, and ability to handle elementary statistics, an advantage. Salary within scale £610 – 765 per annum (APT I), according to experience, for those with Degree or appropriate Diploma of British University, or on lower grade for suitable applicant without these qualifications. Conditions of service similar to those in Local Government. Housing accommodation may be available. Applications, endorsed 'Vacancy No. 183' giving age, education, qualifications and experience, with names of two business referees, to reach General Manager, Westbrook Hay, Hemel Hempstead, one week from issue of journal.

MIDDLESEX County Council. County Health Dept. (1) Psychiatric Social Worker for both pre and after care in Community Care Service, reqd in East Division, Tottenham. Good office accommodation and clerical assistance available. Position offers scope and interest in this field of psychiatric social work. Seven psychiatric social workers are at present engaged in the service, one of whom is already working in the East Division. PTA qualifications and salary. Established. Car allowance payable. Particulars and two referees to the County Medical Officer, Ref. 'S', 3, 5 & 7 Old Queen Street, SW1 by 28 May. Education Dept. (2) Assistant Youth Employment Officer (female) reqd at the Southgate and Potters Bar Youth Employment Bureaux. Good education essential, experience in teaching, youth employment or industry desirable. Salary: APT.I – £610-£765 plus London Weighting up to £30. Commencing salary according to ability, quals. and exper. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer (GP), 10 Great George Street, Westminster, SW1 returnable by 16 May. Both posts: prescribed conditions. (Quote D.141 NS).

CHILD Welfare Officer. Vacancy will shortly arise in Area Children's Office No. 5 (City of London, Bethnal Green, Poplar and Stepney) for trained and experienced caseworker (man or woman) to work as member of team of three specialising in preventive and short stay in-take work. Starting salary will take into account previous experience, and will be within range £665-£965. Applications to Children's Officer, (E1/NS/1079/5), LCC, County Hall, SE1 by 16 May.

THE Mulberry Bush School (a special school for maladjusted children, fully recognised by the Ministry of Education) at Standlake, near Witney, Oxfordshire, requires a resident Deputy Matron. The successful applicant will be a member of the treatment team. Salary £7 per week plus full board and good accommodation. Adequate free time. Apply to The Principal. (Telephone Standlake 202.).

EAST London: Part-time youth club leader needed. Male or female. Interesting work. Possibility of flat. Apply Box 4265.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

RAMPTON Hospital, Retford, Notts. Wholetime (a) Research Associate (Senior Psychologist Grade) – or (b) Research Assistant (Psychologist – post probationary) – required for research into psychopathic instability in new Research Unit. Close association with University of Sheffield (Department of Psychology) with facilities to register for Ph.D. Further information from Medical Superintendent. NHS Superannuation and Conditions of Service applicable. Salary (a) £1,025-£1,425 or (b) £735-£1,050, plus £65 allowance. Accommodation available. Applications, giving full particulars and naming three referees, to Medical Superintendent, not later than 21 May 1960.

THE Invalid Children's Aid Association requires a social Caseworker to work in South London. The post offers opportunity for intensive casework, attendance at weekly Case Conferences, and the training of University students. Salary range £525 to £800 according to experience and qualifications. Applications from women holding Social Science certificate and (preferably) professional qualifications should be sent to the Secretary, ICAA, 4 Palace Gate, London, W8, before 20 May.

FAMILY Service Units requires men and women caseworkers for the further extension of its pioneer work in London and several provincial cities. Salaries range from £525 p.a. for beginning caseworkers to £950 p.a. for senior workers. Children's allowances. Pension scheme. Training provided. Further information from the Secretary, Family Service Units, 25 St Mary's Grove, London, N1

NATIONAL Council of Social Service invites applications for appointment as Assistant Secretary of the National Federation of Community Associations. The appointment carries responsibility for some field work as well as office administration and routine. Starting salary £800-£900 p.a. depending on qualifications and experience. Applications in writing (with s.a.e.) with the names of two referees by 27 May to 26 Bedford Square, WC1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

AMBULANCE Control Clerks reqd by LCC for holiday relief duties. Work involves taking and dealing with requests by telephone for ambulance transport. Basic pay, aged 21 and over, 146s. 6d.-179s. for 40 hr wk according to quals and expce. Extra for night duty, Sunday duty, o/t. Apply Officer in Charge, London Ambulance Service, LAS/B, 150 Waterloo Road, SE1. (980).

APPLICATIONS invited from qualified teachers for post with group of 10-12 maladjusted children. Friendly informal atmosphere. Salary £550-£600 plus full board and lodgings. Pension scheme. West country. Box 4296.

WARDEN (Man or Woman) for Residential Settlement. Experience in Youth Service and neighbourhood work. Post calls for administrative ability and offers scope for experimental work and research in district with acute social problems. Salary up to £1,000 per annum plus residence. Superannuation. Application form and further particulars from Secretary, Beauchamp Lodge, 2 Warwick Crescent, Paddington, W2. Tel. CUN. 3688.

CAPABLE and experienced House Mother, preferably with Child Care Course Certificate, for small school for emotionally disturbed children. Apply by letter with particulars of age, education, and experience. Principal, Adlestrop Park, Near Moreton-in-Marsh, Gloucestershire.

WELFARE Officer required by Group of Engineering Companies for Central Personnel Department in West London. The post is suitable for a young woman graduate 21/25 and carries a commencing salary of £600. IPM training an advantage. Apply, giving details of age, experience and qualifications to Box 4327.

YOUTH Work. Opportunity offered in new full-time appointment for man to undertake interesting and valuable work in London (not in a club) assisting 2,000 young people with the use of their leisure. Experience essential. Salary £750. Superannuation. Non-residential, but single accommodation could be arranged. Replies stating age and experience to Box 4303.

APPLICATIONS invited post of resident housemother school/home for 35 disturbed children. Friendly informal atmosphere. Salary according to age and experience. Somerset. Box 4297.

EXPERIENCED man or woman, with Remedial Teaching experience in Junior Basic Subjects, for a Resident Post in a small school for Intelligent Maladjusted Children. September. Games and/or Music & Drama. Applications to the Principal, Adlestrop Park, Near Moreton-in-Marsh, Gloucestershire.

TRADE Union Solicitors, with large practice in London, require intelligent and progressive young man with or without previous legal experience for training as litigation clerk, dealing mainly with claims for damages arising out of industrial accidents. Box 4253.

ORGANISERS reqd by National Charity assisting Refugees, the Aged, etc. Mobility required. Opportunities exist many areas. Pension Scheme. Write giving full details to Box 4256.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CHARTERED Librarian required for combined post of librarian grade III at South East London Day College, Lewisham Way, SE4 and at Woolwich Day College, Vicarage Rd, SE18. £690-£940; appointment above minimum, if appropriate. Five day week. Details and form from Education Officer (Estab. 2/L), County Hall, SE1, returnable by 17 May. (1095).

THE Design Centre requires a young man as Assistant in the Display Section. The qualifications are education with GCE, a recognised display or design training and good practical experience in display. Starting salary £535-£690, rising to £985. Pension scheme and 3½ weeks' holiday. Apply for further details and an application form to the Recruitment Officer, CoID, 28 Haymarket, SW1.

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby (boarding, recognised, co-ed.) req. Sept. men or women teachers (a) Biology to A level with some Chem. Good field worker (b) Geography throughout, with general care of Form 1; also (c) Housemistress, general care of girls, with P.E. or English, (d) Housekeeper. Married accom. available if joint appt. Burnham and Govt superannuation. Apply Headmaster.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of journalist assistant in the Press Department of the Labour Party to work as Press Relations Officer for the Parliamentary Labour Party in the House of Commons. Applicants should send immediately for an application form from Morgan Phillips, General Secretary, Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, SW1, as the closing date for the consideration of completed forms is Monday 16 May.

RESEARCH Officer required for Civil Service Trade Union. Applicants should have a degree in Economics or associated subjects. Experience of both research work and trade union activity desirable. Salary scale of £1,205-£1,850 (covered by eleven annual increments). Commencing salary may be adjusted according to age and experience up to £1,410. Non-contributory pension scheme. Five day week. 30 working days annual leave. Applications by 25 May 1960 to General Secretary, Institution of Professional Civil Servants, 28 Broadway, London, SW1.

NON-manual Trade Union has an immediate vacancy on its Headquarters' staff for an official, male or female, to edit its monthly journal 'The Bank Officer' and to undertake the preparation of publicity material, press releases and research work. Commencing salary will depend largely on qualifications, past experience in the type of work described and knowledge of trade union movement but will not be less than £820 per annum; generous pension scheme and holiday arrangements. The appointment will be probationary in the first instance. Apply with full particulars of experience to National Union of Bank Employees, 28 Old Queen St, London, SW1.

BI-LINGUAL French/English Secretary required for old-established merchant organisation in Middle East. English and French shorthand-typing essential. Excellent salary, living allowance, free furnished quarters. Contract of 27 months' service, followed by 115 days' leave, free passage home. Write with full particulars Box 4415.

SECRETARY/Assistant required for well-known Concert Agency, used to taking responsibility and working on own initiative. Apply Box 4334.

ASSISTANT wanted in information department. Principal duty filing research department papers but opportunity to learn sources of information. Salary in range £450-£550. Applications, giving details of experience, to Information Centre, Consumers' Assn Ltd, 333 High Holborn, WC1

THE Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St John's Wood Road, NW8 (CUN. 5181) invites applications for the following staff vacancies. (a) Personal Secretary for a Minister. (b) Shorthand-Typist for Organising Secretary. (c) Part-time shorthand-typist/clerk for Assistant Secretary. Interesting work, pleasant offices and congenial conditions. Apply Assistant Secretary.

DRYAD Handicrafts, 93 Gt Russell St (near British Museum) need young lady assistants, preferably with some knowledge of crafts. Good position and salary for suitable persons. Applications to The Manageress.

ENERGETIC young man interested in advocacy required for Cardiff firm. Salary £1,000 to £1,500 per annum according to experience, together with use of car. Excellent prospects. Box 4145.

CAMBRIDGE Housing Society Ltd reqs pt-time Secy/Housing Manager. Apply Miss Lennard, 137 Huntingdon Rd, Camb.

SOLICITORS, Croydon, busy office, require capable, energetic Managing Clerk, general experience, admitted or unadmitted. Gd pay & conditions. Box 4346.

ASSISTANT for 2nd-hnd bkshop Wimbledon. £10 p.w. Typing nec. Box 4418.

INTELLIGENT Nannie needed by progressive couple with 4 boys aged 1, 5, 8, and one at boarding school. Good opportunity for someone seeking pleasant friendly home in delightful spot near London. Amersham 639 or write Box 4281.

SEC./Sh. typs. Temp. Top sals. MAY. 6336. Savoy Agy, 447 Oxford St, W1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

METROPOLITAN Borough of Finsbury. Public Libraries Department. Catalogue Typist required, typing 45 w.p.m., library experience, particularly cataloguing an advantage. Salary according to experience and qualifications rising to £760 per annum. Closing date Monday 23 May. Applications to Henry A. Davey, Town Clerk, Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Avenue, EC1.

CLERK/Shorthand Typist reqd by Middlesex County Council at Willesden Child Guidance Centre, Brondesbury Villas, NW6. Good shorthand and typing speeds and knowledge of general office routine essential. Salary according to age and quals. £380 at 21 rising to poss. max. of £685. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Borough Education Officer, 163 Willesden Lane, NW6, returnable by 16 May. Prescribed conditions (Quote C.436 NS).

ACTORS' Equity require: (1) Secretary to General Secretary – minimum £12 p.w. (2) Secretary/Shorthand-Typist – minimum £11 p.w. (3) Junior – £5 10s. to £8 p.w. accrdg to age. Please write: 8 Harley St, W1

EMBASSY, W2, requires Stenotypist, £12 10s. Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

SECRETARY/Shorthand Typist needed. Interesting work in small psychiatric unit. Salary £410 at age 21, rising to £600. London allowance paid. Apply in writing to Asst Secy, Westminster Hospital, SW1.

CARDIFF Solicitors require hard-working young assistant for litigation department mainly engaged in industrial accident cases for Trade Unions. Commencing salary £1,000 to £1,500 dependent on experience, together with use of car. Box 4144.

SHORTHAND Typist reqd as Assistant to Editor of monthly journal. Age 18-25. Good prospects & salary for applicant wishing to start career in pblg. Box 4238.

PART-Time or Full-Time Secretary with good speeds willing to teach Shorthand/Typing wanted by West End school. Teaching experience and knowledge of one foreign language an advantage. Box 4141.

CONGENIAL post and home for adaptable person, vegetarian preferred, offered by small independent school, Surrey-Hampshire borders, recognised by Ministry of Education. Light domestic work, telephone duty etc., driving an advantage. Box 4345.

CLERK (female) required for statistical coding and analysis work. Older person suitable. Write to 'Research', Service Advertising, 68 Knightsbridge, SW1.

EDUCATED shorthand-typist required for pleasant Piccadilly office dealing with the affairs of Theatre and Film personalities. No Saturdays. Salary £520-£620 p.a. according to ability. Box 4324.

WHY march from John O'Groats or Aldermaston when the Winifred Johnson Staff Bureau is at 114 Holborn, EC1 (next door to Gamages). HOL. 0390.

SECRETARIES – Shorthand Typists – Have you a week or more to spare? If so, make it pay! See Sybil Topham about temporary work at Dutton's Agency, 92 Gt Russell St, London, WC1. MUS. 7379.

ABELLA Roberts, agent, 6/7 Queen St, EC4, gets you the job you want. Permanencies all office staff, m./f. Needs temporary shorthand-typists, highest pay, for holiday relief work. Please call.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EX-REGISTRAR Fort Hare University College South Africa recently dismissed because of opposition to Apartheid urgently seeks post. Educated Harrow and Edinburgh University; widely travelled in Europe, Asia and Africa; extensive interests and experience; highest references from ex-Principal and Vice Principal of Fort Hare. Box 4340.

AUSTRIAN boy, 17, seeks au pair job July-August in English family, willing to give tutoring in German, Russian, Mathematics. Reply to Dr W. Eberl, Vienna 19, Nussw aldgasse 22a/4/2, Austria.

OXF. U/grad. elect sks any employment. London area May-Oct. Box 4230.

TRAINED sec., 23, BA, some Fr. and Span., sks int. post. Box 4235.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

INSPECTED flats and flatlets in Hampstead and North West London always available for reliable tenant: Personal Accommodation Services Ltd, 1 Church Row, NW3. HAM. 0027.

BRIGHT furnished rm overlooking Hampstead Heath, bkfst, 50s., return 2/3 nights child-sitting. Might suit mother/father & child. Other meals, use kitchen, sitting-rm, grdn, by arrangemt. SPE. 6180.

TWO left. Newly converted furn. flatlets. K'ettes, part service. Queens Ave, N10. £4 4s.-£4 10s. Ring TUD. 2235 for appt. View weekend. Refs.

NW10 (4 m. Dollis H. on Bkrloo) 1 or 2 f. rms, 47s. 6d. & 35s. in home widower (80's). Sunny grdn, almost sole use bath & kit. Kindly tenant enq. GUL. 7934.

MALE required share flat, Blackheath, with musical civil servant, 29, not typical species. Box 4323.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—contd

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon CRO 2634.

HOLIDAY Flatlets, Kensington, from mid-June. C.h.w., cooking facilities, everything for comfort. Select district, very central. 98 Palace Gardens Terrace, London, W8. 'Phone BAYswater 5985

UNFURN. rm & share flat, prof. woman 30-40. Opp. Battersea Pk Box 4301.

TO let: s/c. flat, London SW3. 3 rooms, kitchen, lav. No bath. Phone, frig., contemp. furn. £22 10s. p.m. Box 3773.

SUNNY garden room NW3 £2 15s., furn.; quiet tenant. PRI. 0413 aft. 10 a.m.

WIMBLEDON, s/c. furn. 1st flr flat, 2 rms & kit. Own bathrm. Attrac. hse nr Common & stn. 5 gns. WIM. 4143.

ATTRAC. serviced b/s.-rm, nice house with fitted carpets, all elec., h.w., 'phone. Nr Willesden Grn Stn. WIL. 2305.

LARGE room (m) Highgate, central, ckg fac. & bath. 42s. 6d. Box 4208.

GOLDERS Grn. 2 sgle rms, cen. htg, h. & c., private bathrm for 2. Ckg facs. Cleaning once wkly. 3½ & 3 gns. SPE. 3328.

HALF flat, s/c. small avail. St Johns Wd. £3. One other man. Box 4322.

LGE div.-sit. rm, concealed sink & cooker, use tel. 2 gns. VAN. 6728.

CHARMING divan-rm, private flat. Newly dec., c.h., c.h.w. 5½ gns. Business person only. Refs. BAY 1533/Box 4349

IN roomy priv. res., lge redec. bed-sit., full use kit., free domestic service. Gdn, central. £3 3s. Box 4236.

SHARING large flat in Marylebone, third girl wanted. Box 4246.

WEST Ken. Attract. gr.-flr divan rm. Concld ckg facils, etc. RIV. 8405.

VAST tree-top room, furnished, £5 wkly, seeks immediate tenant, NS type but any nationality. HAMpstead 5765.

TWO lge sgle bed-sit. rooms in new house, h. & c., ckg facs. 3½ gns. & 3 gns. Near buses/tube. GLA. 5301.

B/SIT., share kitchen, bath etc. in large pleasant 5th floor flat near Queensway shared by 4 (m. 23-34). £3 plus share overheads. Box 4373.

HOLLAND Park. Bed-sitter in prof. woman's flat during school terms. £2 5s. PARk 3696.

NW3. Attract. furn. b/s. 3 gns. all inc. Share kit., bath, gdn, with yng designer (f.). Until Sept. only. SWI. 2092.

SPACIOUS b/sit. in gents' flat, S. Ken.; all cons. 3 gns. FRE. 2237.

SW18. S/c. furn. flat, 4 rms, k. & b. June-Nov. 25 gns. p. mth. Box 4372.

BEDSITS for bachelors, flats for the philoprogenitive, pent-houses for plutocrats. No fee to tenants. Ring Prospect Agency, MAYfair 5141.

MODERN flat Tooting Bec, 4 rooms, large kitchen/dining, bath, pleas. furn., all facilities. 8 gns. BAL. 7614.

PLEAS. top-flr flat nr Olympia – div. rm, kit.-dinette & b. Suit 1 or couple. View Sat. afternoon or Sun. RIV. 8405.

ATTRACT. furn. flatlet, lge sunny sit.-rm, 2 divans, well eqpd kit./dining rm, bath-rm etc. Quiet hse, close stn & bus-stop. GLA. 5035 before 11 a.m./aft. 6 p.m.

LGE furn. rm, own kit., bthrm, serv., lin. Suit couple. £4 10s. MAC. 1755.

BEAUTIFUL Richmond. Prof. gentleman received as p.g. in well-appointed quiet house. All convs, lge garden. RIC. 0396.

DELIGHTFUL holidays, 17th Cent. cottage Sussex. Furn.; main water, elec. May-23 July, Sept. S.a.e.: Box 4292.

ANYONE seeking quiet cheap rooms on Kent coast, please write Box 4232

YORKSHIRE Dales: Hol. flats 2/10 persons: From 5 gns wk. Mod. cons. Wharfedale Hols, 8 Willow Grove, Beverley.

RADNORSHIRE. House in Welsh Hills to let for holidays – to 23 July. Modern furnishing, 5 bedrooms, garage; also 10 September onwards. Box 4016.

COUNTRY Cottage in Lammermuirs Beauty Spot, fishing, bathing etc. 6 gns weekly; also two-roomed flat and caravan (4-berth) Reduction in May, June, Sept. Write Rathburne, Longformacus, Berwicks.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

BLIND civil serv., self-sufficient, reqs room with meals, London. EAL. 1813.

YOUNG wife and two children (4½ and 6) urgently need reasonable accommodation in London (two rooms plus facilities) from end May. Student. Happy assist baby-sitting. Box 4319.

ELDERLY lexicographer and asst (f) req. 2-3 rooms, k & b., unfurn. NW8, Baker St, SW7, SW1. £7 p.w. approx. incl. No premium. Box 4213.

NEW Zealand bachelor, music lover, record fan, arriving mid-May requires furnished flatlet or bed-sitter, fairly central. Box 4209.

SENIOR civil servant (male, 38) sks fairly s/c. tiny pied-à-terre convenient Westminster; away weekends. Box 4386.

LECTURES, etc.—contd from p.696

LONDON Schools Left Club. Dennis Pombiers: 'Africa'. Fri. 6 May, 5.40, 7 Carlisle St, W1. All School studs welc.

NLR Literature Group, Series on Contemporary Poetry. Thursday May 12, 8 p.m., Left Book Centre, 7 Carlisle St, WI. A. Alvarez: 'The Importance of Empson and Auden in the '50s'.

UNITED Nations Association – Chelsea Branch, 36 Lower Sloane Street, SW1, at 8 p.m. on Mon. 9 May 1960. 'Disarmament', speaker: Mr C. Judd, Director General, United Nations Association.

THE quest for Truth, transcendental Reality & Integration of personality: Discussion group commencing Tuesday, 10 May, 7.45 p.m., Nat. Lib. Club (Meston Room), Whitehall Place, Embankment. 3s. Org. by 'The New Fundamentalists' (interfaith). All welcome.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

'CHINA'S Changing Society: In Town & Countryside: International Relations'. Speakers – Jack Gaster, Derek Bryan, Jack Dribbon, all recently in China. Week-end School. Sat.-Sun. 21-22 May. Woodlands, Nr Sevenoaks. Particulars from: Britain-China Friendship Assoc., 228 Grays Inn Road, WC1.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures on (i) 'La concezione della poesia nel Medioevo'; (ii) 'Dante in polemica con la letteratura del suo tempo'; (iii) 'Aspetti della poesia italiana moderna' will be delivered by Professor A. Schiaffini (Rome) at 5.30 p.m. on 16, 18 and 20 May at the University of London, Senate House, WC1. The lectures will be delivered in Italian. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures on (i) 'The Bronze Statues of Piraeus'; (ii) 'The Sanctuary of Brauronian Artemis and the Tomb of Iphigenia in Attica' will be delivered by Professor J. Papadimitriou (Athens) at 5.30 p.m. on 16 and 19 May at the Institute of Archaeology, 31-34 Gordon Sq., WC1. Admn free, without tkt. James Henderson, Acad. Registrar.

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, founded 1887, conducts tuition by post for General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others). London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB), & certain Diplomas. Low fees. Prospectus free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

GERMAN, French, English, sh.-typing. Translations: English-German, Ger.-Engl. Ley, 34 Manchester St. WEL. 1739.

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SUMMER SCHOOL

27 July – 2 August

Subject: Psychological Clinic's Contribution to the Community. Speakers: Dr John D. Sutherland, Tavistock Clinic, London; Mr Arthur Shirley, University of Glasgow; Dr Winifred Rushforth; Dr Jean Biggar and members of the staff of the Clinic. Full particulars from The Secretary, 58 Dalkeith Road, Edinburgh, 9.

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Saturday, 13 August to Saturday, 27 August 1960. Fee 7½ gns each week, to include all the expeditions.

Programmes and further details from the Warden, Knuston Hall, Irchester, near Wellingborough. Telephone No. Rushden 2104.

DE Leon Drama Summer School, Patrons Kenneth Tynan, Peter Brook, E. Martin Browne. 2-13 August, at Richmond Institute of Further Education. Write: 254b Kew Road, Richmond, Surrey.

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PERSONAL—continued

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11 May at 7.30 Le Lac des Cygnes
12 May at 7.30 La Valse, Giselle

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

10 & 13 May at 6 The Trojans (last 2 perfs)
14 May at 7.30 La Traviata

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TERminus 1672

SADLER'S WELLS OPERETTA
17 May for 4 weeks

ORPHEUS IN THE UNDERWORLD
New English version by Geoffrey Dunn
Offenbach

Evgs 7.30 Mats Sats 2.30
Box Office open 10 a.m. – 6 p.m.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 8. Th. & Sat. 5 & 8. The Caretaker by Harold Pinter. Mems.

IRVING, Leicester Square. WHI. 8657. Glamour and Girls. 4th yr Cont. Revue. From 2.30, Sun. 4. 3rd wk 14th Ed. Mems.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30. Th. 2.30. S. 5. 8.15. Laurence Olivier in Ionesco's 'Rhinoceros'. Produced by Orson Welles.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Marghanita Laski's 'The Off-Shore Island' – 10 Nuclear years hence? Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

GALA Concert, Sun. 8 May, 7.30 p.m., Theatre Royal, Stratford, E15, in aid of South Africa Defence and Aid Fund. Members of casts present excerpts from 'Things Ain't Wot They Used T'Be', 'Make Me an Offer', 'The Hostage' and 'Look, Who's Here!'. Guest stars will include Alfie Bass, Tsai Chin, Frankie Howerd, John Neville, Bill Owen, Gary Raymond and Elizabeth Seal. Seats still available at 20s., 30s., 42s., from Theatre Royal, Stratford, E15. (MAR. 5973).

'MUSIC Today' RFH Recital Room on Mon. 9 May at 8.15 p.m. Bach's Sonata for unaccompanied flute, Debussy's Syrinx, Varèse's Density 21.5, played by Gareth Morris; Schoenberg's Ode to Napoleon, played by the New Music Ensemble, conducted by John Carewe; readings from Brecht by Sam Wanamaker. Tickets: 12s. 6d., 8s., 6s. from Box Office.

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble. Concert of 18th Century Music with Maria Korchinska (Harp). Couperin, C. P. E. Bach, Handel, Boccherini, Bach. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room. Sat. 14 May, 8.15. WAT. 3191.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns) The Immortal Land (U) and Greek Sculpture (U)

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 15 May: Eisenstein's 'Ivan the Terrible' (Part I) (A). Franju's 'La Première Nuit' (U).

OVER 25s Dance every Sun., 7.30, Norfolk Htl, London St (opp. Pad. Stn) 3s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to the Rocky Gallagher Trio, Today Saturday 7 May, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. Guests 5s. Non-Members will not be admitted unless accompanied by a member.

EXHIBITIONS

'ORANGES' by Van Gogh, 'Onions' by Lorjou, 'Apples' by Courbet, 'Peaches' by Braque (not S. African). All prints from Ganymed, 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

RAILLE Gallery, Islington Green, N1. 25 paintings by Ken Moore.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

CONTEMPORARY Art Society: 'The First Fifty Years'. A selection of works given to Public Galleries by the CAS 1910-1960. Tate Gallery to 8 May. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Admission 2s.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Paintings and Drawings from Christ Church, Oxford, an Exhibition in aid of the Christ Church United Clubs, Kennington. Admission: 2s. 6d. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. Until 11 June. 142 New Bond Street, W1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Schmidt-Pauly, Maeve Gilmore, Robert Hill – Paintings. 2-21 May. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1.

MOLTON Gallery. 'Emilio Pettoruti' Paintings 1914-1959. Until 21 May. 44 South Molton St, W1. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

WADDINGTON Galleries, recent paintings Roger Hilton. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Mattia Moreni: Paintings. Until 14 May. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1. Admission 1s., members free.

HYDE Park Gallery, 30 Sussex Place, W2. Hans Schwarz – Paintings 3-21 May.

COMEDY Gallery, 8 Oxenden St, SW1. WHI. 8709. John Corbidge – Paintings of Greece & Italy. 10.30-5.30, Sats 10.30-1.

BRIGLIN Pottery. Exhibition of Pottery and Crafts. All individual exhibits for sale. Daily 10 a.m.-6 p.m. (incl. Sunday). 10-19 May. 22 Crawford Street, W1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St, W1. James Ensor (1860-1949) Retrospective Centenary Exhibition – 28 April-28 May. Adm. 2s. 6d. Students 1s. In aid World Refugee Year. Dly 10-5. Sats 10-12.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Dubuffet – Pings, Gouaches, Lithographs. Until 3 June. Dly 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Roy de Maistre: a retrospective exhibition of paintings & drawings 1917-60. Opens Thursday. Wkdays 11-6; Suns 2-6; closed Mons. Admn free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Pl., Marble Arch, W2. Falchi and Hodgkinson, till 7 May, Kosice from 10 May, 10-6.

AUSTRIAN Paintg & Sculpture 1900-1960. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Sq., SW1. Till 4 June. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admn 1s. 6d.

ST GEORGE'S Gallery: Francis Kelly: Aquatints of Portugal. 3-21 May. 7 Cork St, W1. Wkdays 10-6, Sats 10-1. REG. 3660.

KAPLAN Gallery – Henri Nouveau – Paintings. Opening 11 May. Until 3 June. 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. Josef Herman: Small Paintings and Drawings (Wkdys 10-5.30, Sats 10-1).

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. MOU 4917 Borchard, Brodzky, Clare, Feigl, Harris, Josephs, Kahn, Pereira, Sanders. Until 25 May. Dly incl. Sats 10-5.30, Thurs. 10-1.

HUNGARY in pictures, with examples of peasant folk art, pottery, book publications: at Collet's Foreign Bookshop, 45 Museum Street, WC1. Until 14 May.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St, W1. Saltglazed Stoneware by Denise K. Wren & Rosemary D. Wren. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1. Opening 3 May.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Recent Paintings by Michael Wishart; Louis James and Theyre Lee-Elliott. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes 25 May.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. New Paintgs John Bratby. From 4 May.

THE Chinese Picture Room, 13 New Quebec St, W1. PAD. 4643 (behind Marble Arch Corner House). New and ok! paintings from China, reproductions, antique pottery, etc. 10-7, ex Thurs., Sun.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography. 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1 The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon-Fri., 10-5. Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

LONDON NLR CLUB

Monday 9 May, 7.30 for 8 p.m.

Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Sq. (Warren St Station)

JOHN REX: 'Pan-Africanism, Socialism and Democracy'

Members 1s. 6d Non-members 2s. 6d.

HOMOSEXUALITY AND THE LAW

A Public Meeting will be held in Caxton Hall, Westminster, on Thursday, 12 May, at 7.30 p.m.

Chairman:
KENNETH WALKER, FRCS.

Speakers:
The Right Reverend the Lord BISHOP OF EXETER;
Mrs ANNE ALLEN, JP;
W. LINDESAY NEUSTATTER, MD, BSc., MRCP;
KINGSLEY MARTIN.

The meeting is arranged by the Homosexual Law Reform Society, 32 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W1.

ADMISSION FREE.

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SPRING FAIR

Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Sq, W1
Saturday 14 May, 2.30 p.m.
Admission 1s.

followed by GALA ENTERTAINMENT at 8 p.m.

Watch this column for further details
Tickets & information:
5 Caledonian Rd, N1. TER. 0284.

'NO TAX FOR THE H-BOMB'

Meeting for those wanting to refuse tax for nuclear weapons Sat. 7 May at 2.30 p.m. Meeting for those wanting to refuse rates for civil defence 7 May 10 a.m. Both meetings at 103 Gower Street, WC1.

Institut Français du Royaume-Uni
Queensberry Place, South Kensington, SW7.
Public lecture:
'LE VOCABULAIRE ET LA GRAMMAIRE DU FRANCAIS FONDAMENTAL'
par
M. Georges Gougenheim,
Professeur à la Sorbonne,
Directeur du Centre de Recherches et d'Etudes pour la Diffusion du Français
Samedi 14 mai à 6h.15

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. The 50's. Owing to the indisposition of Richard Wollheim, Bernard Williams will give the lecture on 'Philosophy in the 50's'. Chairman: Ernest Gellner. Tuesday 10 May 6.30 p.m. Admission 3s. Members 1s. 6d. Contemporary Dance. 'A Dancer's World' Documentary Film on Martha Graham introduced by Lilian Harmel. Followed by a discussion. Chairman: Marion Milner. Fri. 13 May 6.30 p.m. Adm. 5s. Mems 2s. 6d.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 6 May, 8 p.m. Lord David Cecil: 'Early Works of Lev Tolstoy'. Tues. 10 May, 8 p.m. Arnold Haskell: 'Some Russian Ballerinas' (Trefilova, Pavlova, Karsavina, Ulanova & others). Fri. 13 May, 8 p.m. Dr D. M. Lang: 'History and Art of Georgia'.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun., 8 May, 6.30 Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'The Idea of General Education': H. J. Blackham.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

WARSAW Ghetto Uprising Commemoration, Prince's Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, WC1, Sunday, 8 May 1960 at 3 p.m. (Doors open 2.30 p.m.); The Marchioness of Reading, CBE, JP; Sir Leslie Plummer, MP; Major Harry Bernstein; Mr Michael Cliffe, MP; London Jewish Male Voice Choir; Readings by Leon Blumenson and David Kossoff – Admission Free (tickets at the door).

'AFRICA and You' Hammersmith Town Hall, 28 May at 2.30 p.m. – Short films on Africa, a talk by Fenner Brockway, MP, tea, and then the United Nations film of the year, 'Power Among Men' All this for 2s. 6d., or five tickets for 10s. Apply, LCS Education Sec., (NS) 13 Soho Sq., W1.

HALDANE Society: 'Ombudsman for Britain?' L. J. Blom-Cooper (Legal Correspondent 'Observer'), Dr Oestergaard (Cultural Attaché, Danish Embassy) 10 May, 6.30 p.m. Niblett Hall, Temple, EC4.

S. AFRICAN Freedom Assoc. AGM Fri. 13 May, 7.30. Friends House, Euston Rd. Prominent S. African exiles will report on recent developments. Non-mems. welc.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society Ivan Yates on Clause Four and All That, Wed. 11 May, 7.30 p.m Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Details of Society from Membership Secy, 42a Westbere Rd, NW2.

MAPAM Open Forum: Tuesday, 10 May at 8 p.m., 37 Broadhurst Gdns, NW6. Subjects: (a) South Africa, Jews and Israel – introduced by Mr Y. Ellman. (b) The International Conference of Democratic Women at Copenhagen – introduced by Mrs M. Marcus-Genossar. All welcome.

PLANNING & Government in USSR explained by Soviet speakers: SCR Seminar, Thursdays 7 p.m., 14 Kensington Sq., W8. Adm. 2s. (SCR mem. 1s. 6d.).

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 8 May. W. E. Swinton, PhD, 'Fiction in a Scientific Age'. Write for free 'Monthly Record'.

PERSONALIST Group. F. H. A. Micklewright and J. B. Coates on 'A Programme for the Humanist Movement'. Conway Hall, Tuesday, 10 May, 7.30

'EMPLOYERS and the Teenager' BACIE London Group Conference. Speakers include Hilde Himmelweit, Karel Reisz, W. G. Stone. 13-15 May, New Imperial Hotel, Hove. Six Guineas, contact A. L. Jowett, Astwick Manor, Hatfield, Herts. Hatfield 2300 (ext. 601).

SCR Garden Party for Soviet tourists (doctors, historians, economists, artists): Sat. 14 May, 4.30 p.m. At 14 Kensington Sq., W8. Adm. (inc. refrs) 2s. 6d.

IWC. Public Lecture. Free. P. Ross Nicholls: 'Druidry in India and the West'. 8.30 p.m. Fri., 13 May. 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

'WITH Music in Mind'. Jazz and poetry (independent method). Sun. 8 May at 4.30. Top Ten Club (under Widgets Café), crnr Berwick & D'Arblay Sts, Soho. 7s 6d.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 6a Dukes Av., N10: Suns 5 p.m. Discourse. Thurs 7.30 Kingsway Hall, Swami Mukhyananda: 12 May 'A Great Devotee of God'; 19 May 'How Did the Universe Evolve?'

PACIFIST Universalist Service 3.30 Sun. 8 May. 5 Caledonian Rd, Kings Cross. Rev. Claud Coltman 'Danilo Dolci'

A LECTURE on Spiritualism given by a member of The Spiritualist Society, New Jewish Society, Wed. 11 May, 83 Chiltern St, W1, at 8 p.m.

WHITE Lotus Day Commemoration. H. P. Blavatsky, Public lecture, 8 May, 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Special Public Meeting, Caxton Hall, SW1, to celebrate Wesak. Tuesday 10 May, 7.30. Also Saturday Group (reading, discussion, tea – open to all, 14 May 3 p.m. at 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1.). Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way' Inf. TAT. 1313.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival Lectures and demonstrations daily, London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1 BEL 3351.

LECTURES, etc.—contd on p.695

I KNOW YOU'RE GOING TO BE FRIGHTFULLY DISAPPOINTED MR CLIP, BUT I'M AFRAID YOUR WORK IS NOT YET SUITABLE FOR EXHIBITION IN MY GALLERY.
WHAT THE HELL DO YOU MEAN "NOT SUITABLE" – WHY SHOULD PEOPLE LIKE YOU GET INTO THE POSITION TO DICTATE TO THE PUBLIC...
... WHAT'S GOOD AND WHAT'S BAD IN ART – ANSWER ME THAT! YOU'RE NOT INTERESTED IN DISCOVERING NEW TALENT—
ALL YOU WANT TO DO IS CREATE ART FASHIONS —JUST FOR THE SAKE OF HARD CASH!
PLEASE MR SCHEIDENBACKER – ACCEPT MY WORK. I NEED THE MONEY..
GASK.

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